The Relief Society Magazine

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VOL. 45 NO. 4 Special Short Story Issue APRIL 1958

Pattern of Wings

Vesta P. Crawford

Fulfilling now their seasonal design,
In pattern and in ordered echelon,
The faithful caravans of surging wings
Return in melody through aisles of dawn.

The countenance of sky is marked with birds,
Certain as time and each ascending year,
Ever immutable in flight they come
To claim the elements and atmosphere.

Beyond the meadow and the seeded plain
The cycle of their destiny is known—
Above the river and the reedy shore,
Over the measured land where grain is sown. . . .

And we who seek for further latitudes
Now mark the symmetry, the circling wing,
To find again in that repeated skein
The compact and the testament of spring!

The Cover: Liahona College, Tonga
Photograph by Edward O. Anderson

Frontispiece: Flight to the North
Luoma Photos

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

In the December issue of the *Magazine* was a very fine Christmas story by Rosa Lee Lloyd. It should have been an inspiration to many who have forgotten the true spirit of Christmas. I look forward to reading Mrs. Lloyd's stories because they always seem to have such a real lesson in living to offer, along with the other welcome ideas in the *Magazine*. We are former Utahns who have strayed off to Oregon, and the *Magazine* brings us back closer to home.

—Mrs. Betty Payne
Alsea, Oregon

I enjoy every issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, especially the poems and short stories. The article "Women, Wonderful Women!" by Elder Spencer W. Kimball, in the January issue is very good. I thank Mrs. Elizabeth Hogan, Woods Cross, Utah, for sending the *Magazine* to me. I have joined the Relief Society. I am ninety-four years old.

—Mrs. Sophie Harsch
Nauvoo, Illinois

The first thing when I receive the *Magazine*, I open it to the frontispiece poem. I read it more than once in order to get its full beauty of expression and thought. Then my attention is taken by each splendid editorial. Especially do I appreciate the depth and meaning Brother Doxey puts into his impressive theology lessons, which I teach in our ward. Sister Christine Robinson's sincere and nobly expressed Visiting Teacher Messages are a great incentive to right living. Just think how many homes are benefited by her gifted messages.

—Clara H. Park
Salt Lake City, Utah

I enjoy the *Magazine* very much especially the stories, as they are short and so real and have such pleasant thoughts in them. As I have six children, I don't have too much time for reading, but do enjoy the timely advice and good wisdom which is found throughout the *Magazine*.

—Mary Loomis
Simms, Montana

Congratulations on the winning poems and stories published in the recent contests (January and February 1958). I think as a group the three winning poems are outstanding among contests, for theme, treatment, and variety. Mrs. Sutherland's story, as usual, displays her talent for portraying wholesome family life. I have been wanting to express our gratitude for having mother's poem "Blessed Among Women," and my poem "Upon a Holy Night," in the December issue of the *Magazine*. We have long hoped that someday we might have a poem by each of us in the same issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, so this came as a delightful Christmas surprise. Mother's poem had tied for second place in the unpublished poems at the Southwest Regional Contest of the National League of American Pen Women at Mesa Verde, Colorado, last summer. We were happy to have it appear in *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Iris W. Schow
Brigham City, Utah

Your wonderful story "Miss Pennywell Goes Into Action," by Frances P. Reid (October 1957) was very touching to me, especially as my family was living in East Grinstead, Sussex, England, at the closing of the Bluebell and Primrose railway line. Our little cottage gave an excellent view of the puttering little line, and our kiddies would wave to me on my journeys. At the time, I was microfilming for the Church in Lewes. All success to your wonderful *Magazine*. Have you any idea how many Priesthood bearers read it?

—Ronald Cunningham
Salt Lake City, Utah

I love the *Magazine* and read it from cover to cover and enjoy reading those little letters in the front of the book written by other ladies. Finding dear old friends means a lot to me. I am sixty-six and live alone. I have a testimony of the gospel and read the Church books, and the gospel means more to me than anything else in life.

—Mrs. Phoebe Welker Adams
Portland, Oregon

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Resurrection and Things After

Elder S. Dilworth Young

Of the First Council of the Seventy

IT is spring. Happily the stirring of sprouting, growing plants moves within us a feeling of newness — renewal. While, practically, these things are not types of the promise, poetically they are. It's the promise which counts — old things discarded, new and everlasting things to replace them.

It was in the spring that the greatest of ancient promises was fulfilled — Jesus Christ, the Lord God, was resurrected. Plainly in the scriptures it was foretold, but somehow no one could imagine how it could be. In the midst of imaginative contemplation, men and women, while warned, could not picture its meaning.

So utterly simple was it that none was prepared to believe what had taken place. The Lord risen? Impossible! Yet the exciting story of Mary galvanized two of the apostles into immediate action. John, the younger and more agile, reached the tomb first. There it was in simple emptiness. Could the body of the Lord have been stolen? As though anticipating the thought, a witness had been given. An angel of the Lord had been at the sepulchre and told the women:

> Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

The women told the apostles what the angel had said.

We do not know by what power the Lord Jesus Christ was raised from the dead, but we do know that he had complete control of that power. He had power to die, and he had power to reunite with his body, now immortalized forever.

Fortunately for us, the restoration, long predicted by the prophets, was begun in our times. We know the resurrection was literal; that it happened; that it was a reuniting of the spirit — manlike in form — with its earthly body; and that the risen Lord bore his own testimony of the fact. His appearance in 1820 with his Holy Father (the Father bearing witness of his identity) established the fact of his ancient resurrection and gives us, who believe, renewed hope.

Time and apostasy — men left to ponder without inspiration for the meaning of inspired words and acts — served to confuse the further purposes of the Father. Left to their own resources, many men contributed ideas as to what God is like, and his purposes toward us. These were purely the conceptions of men of earth who had no way of knowing the entire truth. Using their reason, they pictured from the available scripture doctrines which are briefly listed below:

1. There is life after death.
2. There is a world of spirits.

   In this world we are either in hell — Satan in charge — or we are

in heaven in the presence of God. All based on the proposition that we did or did not confess Christ as our Savior.

3. There is a resurrection.

   Many believe this to be a "spiritual" resurrection, a regeneration somehow which satisfies the doctrine but not the factual reuniting of refined earthly parts with the spirit.

4. After the resurrection:

   Bliss in the presence of God; the kind of bliss is not stated. The belief here is nebulous indeed — as nebulous as is the conception of God himself.

BUT the resurrection was the literal accomplishment of one of a series of steps for the advancement of men. And the great vision of 1820 given to Joseph Smith was for the re-establishment of the further purposes of the Father and Son. They restored the knowledge not only of the resurrection but of the main reason for the whole creation of the earth: not only to bring us into their presence, but to teach us how we might become like them, to share their glory and their power. How is this to be? How does the Fatherhood of God and the Sonship of Christ apply to us?

Fatherhood and Sonship—English words — mean only one thing: family relationship, the eternity of which was made real by the resurrection. In our earthly shells, we are not able to grasp the infinite implications of this great victory over death, unless it be expressed in the finite family. Earthly family life gives pattern and purpose in our effort to know what to expect in the heavenly home. With the resurrection, family relationships can be the means of reaching the final goal. Were we nebulous spirits we could not well understand, but finite, eternal, touchable beings — which we shall be — can be comprehended. What was revealed through Joseph Smith regarding this vital condition? How do we make real the right, the privilege, to enjoy the fruits of the resurrection — eternal life in the presence of the Father and the Son?

So anxious is the Lord that we do not forget this great—perhaps greatest—gift to us that he has given as our first test of obedience to his word, an act of symbolism and remembrance. Into the tomb he went; into the waters of baptism go we. Out of the tomb into eternal life he arose; out of the water into newness of life we begin our pilgrimage, cleansed from sin. That is our sign of him of acceptance of his principles as our guide.

THE place of women in his plans has been nebulous through the ages, but today is made clear. Equally and together, men and women work out their exaltation. The erroneous ideas of separation of the sexes — or sexlessness in heaven — have forever been banished. We know at long last that the one cannot be made perfect without the other. Even as baptism is a symbol of acceptance of his plan — an acknowledgment of his resurrection — so the sealing of a man and a woman is the earthly symbol of a heavenly order which has existed forever. We realize that it is impossible to share his glory alone; that indeed the "man is not without the woman in the Lord."

Again, while the marriage — the sealing — is a symbolic act expressing our ardent desire to be like him,

yet the road now becomes extremely difficult. We must by our practice prove our earthly ability to live the principle. And so we have the family, the fundamental and everlasting unit which has creative powers; first, of the tabernacles of children; last, of the establishment of worlds for our posterity.

Understanding this heavenly order of things, we become humble and anxious. We cry out in the words of those who are smitten with the principle of repentance and longing, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" The answer is not found in the stars, it begins as we walk from the marriage altar into our homes. And here the woman assumes her proper place in the power of the Priesthood of the Son of God.

MEN go to Priesthood meetings and discuss the principles of the kingdom; they erect mighty structures of wood, brick, and steel to the God of Israel; they tramp the world seeking converts to the kingdom; they wage effective battle against the marketplace of sin and evil; they wrest from the earth a living. Then each comes home bruised, bleeding, discouraged, to:

1. A clean house, well ordered. Here a symbol of the order and beauty of heaven calms his soul. A flower in a simple vase arranged just so, a white cloth on the table with pleasantly silvered service. As incense ascended from the ancient burning altars to witness the loyalty of man to God, the steaming, well-cooked, well-savored food brings to his nostrils a reminder of her loyalty and her devotion to him who is her protector on earth.

2. Well-cared for children. Each little face aglow. For in this home the coming home of father is the crowning event of the day. The evening hours carefully preserved and shielded from the world, devoted to watching and assisting these little ones grow into God-fearing and God-loving men and women.

But these are not the only reasons for the home. Because, in part, of the bruising in the battle of life, a man does not always keep the objective in sight. He is often blinded by the smoke and heat of the battle, and wavers. Here is seen the great wisdom of God our Father in making a helpmeet, for with her greater intuitive sense, her finer perception, the woman keeps his course in his mind and heart; warms him to his duty, sends him forth each morning like Galahad with the strength of ten because his heart has been purified in the heavenly kingdom of the home she keeps for him.

The fundamental knowledge of this great and ennobling responsibility is instinctive in the women, but the detailed skills must be learned. The greatest contribution made to the home and to the family in teaching and learning has been —and always will be—as long as earth rolls toward its destiny, the Relief Society. Foolish is the man who does not allow his wife its many privileges, and vain is the woman who will not drink at the fountain of its helpfulness.

In the ordered kingdom of God on earth, the type of heavenly things to come is in our hands. Refusal or neglect of either man or woman to take upon themselves, each his share, can and often does bring to their tastes and nostrils a

sample of that other kingdom which is of the devil. And the most noticeable and far-reaching failure to gain heaven on earth is when the woman neither understands nor accepts her part in this pilgrimage. She has been labeled the weaker vessel, but armed with the knowledge of her part and place in the kingdom, she has proved to be the re-enforcing steel which holds the eternal order together, which in the final accounting will give fulness of joy and everlasting meaning to the resurrection.

Unfoldment

Amy Viau

Oh, evening, I would go again along
Your silent, mellowed path, expectantly;
Not of some certain thing, but of all things.
And if there be

The cool white splendoring from light of moon,
I would attend and joyously discern
The bordering beauty of my path, nor fret
About the turn.

And in some evening garden I would pause;
For roses still bloom in such shadowed holds;
A thousand birds chirp in their homing trees;
And peace unfolds.

The Gift of Rain

Dora Toone Brough

The gift of rain—a blessing and delight;
It cools the mountain's crest, the burning sand,
Revives the drooping blossoms, bathes the trees,
And heals for man the dry, drouth-stricken land.

Like human tears, the rain falls and relieves;
Dissolves and washes ills from God's domain,
Bestows sweet comfort, lessens want and fear—
Yields gratitude, helps conquer and sustain.

The precious rain can lend sublimity
Restore man's faith and teach humility.

In Memoriam

Adam S. Bennion

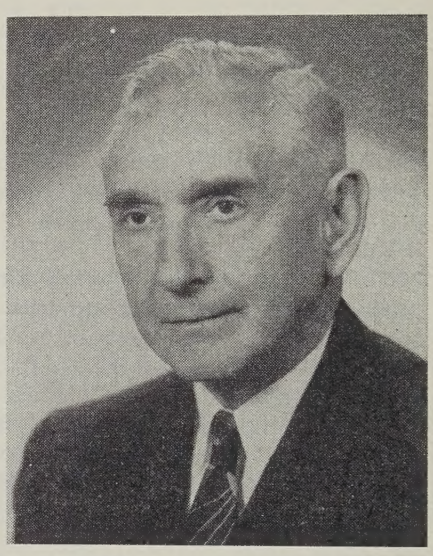
1886–1958

Elder Harold B. Lee

Of the Council of the Twelve

"He lives best, who in his passing, takes up most hearts with him."

ON Tuesday, February 11, 1958, when the news of the death of Elder Adam S. Bennion of the Council of the Twelve Apostles was flashed to the world by public press and radio, there was only one heart in the Church, in business circles, among educators and civic leaders, and, as was said at his funeral services, that heart was sad. In a truly remarkable way he had the rare gift of impressing his personality upon everyone with whom he came in contact. Somehow he seemed to have in the wide sweep of his understanding soul, that quality which made him seemingly akin to all the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the young and the old. Among all these, today, there is a great void because our beloved Adam, friend and brother, father and husband, business executive, educator, devoted servant and apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ has gone home to "that God who gave him life." Indeed we feel, as was aptly said of another great soul, that when he went down it was as though a mighty cedar, green with boughs, went down with a great shout upon the hills, and left a lonesome place against the sky. In this brief writing in memoriam to his illustrious name, I have only a brief space to document but a few of the superb traits in his character which have so endeared him to us and to all who knew him.



ELDER ADAM S. BENNION

He had a vision of man's possibilities which few men possess. One day he took some prominent visitors to Temple Square and led them to the southeast corner where there has been preserved one of the earliest pioneer homes, a humble one-roomed log cabin. Standing there with his visitors, he pointed up to the lofty and majestic towers of the Salt Lake Temple and said with impressive reverence: "These were the hardy pioneers, who, while living in

log cabins and mud shanties, dreamed of a temple." There you catch a glimpse of the nobility that was in him, a product of one of those log-cabin pioneer families. Reared in a family of five, west of Jordan, by a widowed mother in a humble but hallowed home, he never ceased to dream of a temple for in him was a never-ending thirst for knowledge in order to achieve and to become serviceable in the world of men. His life was an eloquent answer to the defeatist who whines and whimpers at the lack of opportunity or a chance to "make good."

He had a genuine, sincere love for all men. It has been well said that "it is only the souls who do not love who go empty in this world and that the heart sometimes finds out things that reason cannot" (R. H. Benson). He seemed to have almost a divine quality of feeling another's heartaches and sorrows as though they were his own. Whether it was a friend wrongfully accused, or a business associate suffering from a stark tragedy, or an intimate colleague nursing a deep wound, or an unloved child, it was all the same. In him was an intuitive urge to do something about it and not to just feel sorry — and he did it. Nowhere was this quality of love more beautifully demonstrated than in his own family. His grandchildren will remember their grandfather's "Magic." His athletic sons will recall his cheering them in their contests to give their topmost best and, above all, to be real men. His daughters will ever remember the pattern of their parental home and his admonitions for them to be like their mother. Most of all his beloved companion, the mother of his children and the sweetheart of all his days, will never forget their lifetime of "oneness" together, nor that last caress when, with voice scarcely audible while his life slowly ebbed away, he murmured his parting endearments. Thank God that bond of love does not end with death, for love never dies. "They do not love who do not show their love." Every waking hour it seemed that his joy of life was full because of the loving service he rendered to others.

His philosophy of life was rooted in a sublime faith in God and in the mission of the Savior as the Redeemer of the world. To him, America was established upon a foundation of divine principles of freedom set forth in the Constitution by God-inspired men. He subscribed wholeheartedly to the dictum of Benjamin Franklin that "They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety."

I have often wondered at his popularity as a speaker at conventions of businessmen, bankers, civic leaders, and insurance executives. I believe I found my answer in a profound statement made by the dean of the Harvard School of Business, which to me was in summary the core of this noble man's admonitions to men of high secular attainments: "A man's personal philosophy, his way of looking at the world, and the men and women around him, determine his success as a manager of things and people more than any other factor. His basic attitudes are far more significant than the techniques he uses. . . . In short, the time may

come when an evil man or one who has no clear sense of values simply cannot be an effective administrator." The Master's high standard of greatness: "But he that is greatest . . . shall be your servant" was ever his watchword; and the Lord's injunctions: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers (leaders) of men," were the essence of his preachments to men of worldly attainments. Big men delighted to follow a man who never became so mighty in worldly things that he forgot God.

As an apostle, a special witness of the Lord and Savior of the world, Adam S. Bennion rose to his highest spiritual excellence. Never, I pray, will those who listened to him forget the sublime and soul-stirring declaration of his faith with which he closed his mortal life: "I know with all my soul that Jesus Christ was the Redeemer of the world, the Maker of heaven and earth, and the first fruits of them that slept in their graves."

Portico to Beauty

Leslie Savage Clark

I have so dearly loved this earth,
With spring's first tight-curled frond,
With autumn's wedge of migrant geese
Above an ice-rimmed pond.

But when I leave the stars, the dawn,
The rainbow's transient sheen,
Such splendor as he promises
"Eye hath not seen."

Though they be lost—the pine tree's harp,
The surf, the song of bird,
The mighty symphonies to come
"Ear hath not heard."

For, surely, he who made, for time,
Both sea and white-winged gull,
Will make eternity's bright world
Still more beautiful!

Pearle M. Olsen Appointed to General Board

Josie B. Bay

Member, General Board of Relief Society

PEARLE M. OLSEN

ON February 19, 1958, Pearle Madsen Olsen was appointed a member of the General Board of Relief Society. Sister Olsen comes to the position highly qualified to act in this capacity, having served Relief Society as a theology class leader twelve years; social science class leader three years and, in 1942, she was called to serve as second counselor in the North Sanpete Stake Relief Society. One year later she became the stake Relief Society president where she served faithfully for six years. Of her Relief Society work Sister Olsen says, "Those were happy years filled with enriched experiences."

Sister Olsen's philosophy has always been to accept every opportunity which came to her to serve the Church. She served as a missionary in the California Mission, and has been a ward organist, genealogy and M.I.A. teacher and counselor, and received an honorary Golden Gleaner award.

Sister Olsen was born in Mount Pleasant, Utah, to John Krause Madsen and Etta Katherine Whitlock. Her mother died when she was two years old. Her father later married Virginia Whitlock, a sister of her mother, and due to her love, guidance, and spiritual influence, Pearle grew to maturity in active Church participation.

In addition to her formal education, Sister Olsen also studied at the former McCune School of Music and Art.

On November 12, 1924, she was married in the Salt Lake Temple to William Carlyle Olsen who had completed a mission in the Southern States. Brother Olsen is a former stake president of the North Sanpete Stake and is now a member of the Church building department. They are the parents of a son and two daughters: John K. M. Olsen, Billye Virginia (Mrs. E. G. Jenkins), and Elizabeth Carlyle (Mrs. Robert P. Morris). All of the children are actively identified with Church activities. There are five grandchildren.

Sister Olsen is an exceedingly humble person with a sweet spirit and a contrite heart. She is a devoted wife and mother, self sacrificing, gentle and kind, and this gentle kindness has endeared her to her many friends and associates. Her many experiences, her desire to succeed, and her willingness to work, will make Sister Olsen a valued member of the General Board.

Margaret Elsa T. Peterson Appointed to General Board

Edith S. Elliott

Member, General Board of Relief Society

ELSA T. PETERSON

MARGARET Elsa Thompson Peterson was appointed to the General Board of Relief Society on February 19, 1958. She was born in Logan, Utah, and was reared in a home of culture and refinement. Her father was Alvin Hemingway Thompson, and her mother was Lillian Hyde Miner Thompson, a granddaughter of Orson Hyde.

Elsa earned her A.B. degree, with a major in history, at the University of California in Berkeley. Graduate work was done at Columbia University in New York City, gaining for her a Master's degree and, at the same time, a teacher's certificate from the Teacher's College division of Columbia. Along with Elsa's years of academic training, she studied the piano and is an excellent musician.

Elsa Thompson married in the Logan Temple, William Overn Peterson, Professor of Music and head of the piano department at the University of Utah. The talented couple moved to Salt Lake City. To them were born three sons: Clayne, Jared, and Grant. Each has distinguished himself in scholastic training and Church activities. Brother Peterson died very unexpectedly in 1951 and for the last seven years Sister Peterson has reared her boys alone. She assumed her responsibility and has never allowed defeat or discouragement to enter her home.

Sister Peterson has had the advantage of extensive travel in the United States, Europe, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and Hawaii. Her training and experience have given her a great appreciation for her Heavenly Father's children. She has always been active in some phase of Church work. Her most recent position has been president of the Yale Second Ward Relief Society. Her excellence in that position is truly exemplary. Of her, her bishop, John S. Boyden, says: "Although Sister Peterson worked with efficient smoothness, the outstanding characteristic of her administration was evidenced by the love and compassion with which each errand of mercy was fulfilled or each message of joy conveyed."

Sister Peterson not only has a strong testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ, she lives it and will give understanding service and devotion to her new calling as a General Board member.

Irene B. Woodford Appointed to General Board

Hulda Parker

General Secretary-Treasurer, Relief Society

IRENE B. WOODFORD

IRENE Briggs Woodford, a convert to the Church and a native of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, was appointed a member of the Relief Society General Board on February 19, 1958. She was born of English and Welsh parentage, being the daughter of George and Jessie Kemble Briggs. Her father died when Irene was only eighteen months old and her mother when she was seventeen. In her early youth she was taught good Christian principles by her mother.

She started school in Cardiff, Wales, where she lived for two years. Upon completion of her education in Alberta, she taught in the public and high schools of that Province. It was in February of 1943 that she first heard the gospel, immediately recognized its truth, and was baptized only four months later. In September of 1944 her youthful desire to be a missionary was realized when she was called to serve in the Canadian Mission.

Since her acceptance of the gospel, Sister Woodford's devotion and service to the Church have ever claimed first place in all her activities. She is a student of the gospel, a gifted speaker, capable teacher, and influential leader.

Her unquenchable quest for knowledge led to her obtaining B.A. and M.A. degrees in archaeology from the Brigham Young University, where she later became a member of the faculty.

On June 16, 1950, she was married in the Salt Lake Temple to Hugh J. Woodford, a native of Australia. The Woodfords returned about a year ago from Hawaii where Brother Woodford was teaching in the Church College of Hawaii at Laie. While there they both served as missionaries on the temple grounds and also were temple workers.

Sister Woodford's experience in Church work also includes teaching in Relief Society, Sunday School, Genealogy, and Seminary, and service on Relief Society and Sunday School stake boards. At the time of her appointment, she was second counselor in the Relief Society of the Twenty-first Ward, Emigration Stake.

With her experience, service, training, faith in the Lord, deep humility, and firm testimony of the gospel, Sister Woodford is well qualified for this broader opportunity for service in the Church to which she has dedicated her all.

The Tongan Mission

Preston R. Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

THE Tongan Mission was founded in July 1891, when two elders from the Samoan Mission, Brigham Smoot and Alva J. Butler, were sent to Nukualofa to begin the work of proselyting. On the first trip a native Tongan from Samoa accompanied them.

At Nukualofa they visited the king of the Tongan people, Jiaoji Tubou, and received from him permission to preach the gospel to the natives. They also secured a small tract of land in the village of Mua, on the island of Tongatabu, on which they erected a suitable mission home. This home was dedicated by Elder Smoot on May 15, 1892.

The two elders also purchased a small boat, thirteen feet long, in which they could visit adjacent islands. The islands were divided into three groups, Tongatabu, Haapai, and Vavau.

Elder Andrew Jenson, Assistant Church Historian, visited the Tongan Mission in 1895, while making a trip to the Pacific missions and gathering facts pertaining to their history.

On account of the meager results obtained by the early missionaries

Photograph submitted by Sylvia R. Stone

BLOW HOLES ON THE COAST OF TONGA

Photograph submitted by Sylvia R. Stone

PALACE OF THE QUEEN, TONGA

to the Tongan Islands, it was thought advisable by the First Presidency, in 1897, temporarily to discontinue missionary work.

Ten years later, in 1907, the Tongan Mission was reopened, with Willard L. Smith as president. A new mission home was built; the headquarters was established at Nukualofa; schools were erected on several of the islands, and small branches of the Church were organized.

Missionary work was further stimulated in 1921 by an official visit to the Tongan Mission of Elder David O. McKay of the Council of the Twelve, who was making a world tour of the missions of the Church, accompanied by Elder Hugh J. Cannon.

The membership of the Tongan Mission was given in December 1930, as 1,232. In October 1957, there were 4,439 members in the mission, located in fifty-one branches. Fred W. Stone is serving as the mission president.

Forty-two Relief Society organizations, with 702 members, were reported in December 1957. Sylvia R. Stone presides over the Tongan Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine*, Liahona College, Tonga, was submitted by Elder Edward O. Anderson, one of the Church architects. See also "Recipes From the Tongan Mission," by Sylvia R. Stone, page 247.

To Be a Queen

Myrtle M. Dean

FOR a short, wonderful time this morning Nancy had felt happiness. She felt it from the crown of her golden head to the tips of her toes, which skipped along as light as thistledown. She had walked from the bus stop in the early morning sunshine, to the civic auditorium, where she would meet all of the girls who were running for queen of the Days of Forty-seven. Nancy had been chosen to represent her town. Rosedale was just a little place, but she was glad that she could represent them in such a grand affair. But now all the happiness had gone out of her face, and her feet felt heavy and leaden. She felt alone. . . . She felt alone even though all the other girls were here. She was a remote little figure sitting here with all of these pretty, vivacious, and confident would-be queens.

Before this morning, Nancy had never thought that to run in a queen contest could be anything but a very wonderful experience. There were queens for so many occasions nowadays; queens for so many events every year, in every town and state and country. She had always looked on with awe, admiring the beauty of the girls and the loveliness of their dresses. She had never dreamed of being in the running herself. Now she found that there was much more than excitement, suspense, and thrills. There were pettiness and envy and unhappiness.

This morning the girls were to go to the auditorium for a final briefing. They must report what their talent performance would be. Even now, Nancy was not sure what she would do, though she had tried so hard to decide. She played the piano and did a little vocal solo work in high school programs, but she knew she would not stand a chance in music against all the near professional talent there would be. It will have to be a classic reading. But what will I give? Nancy thought.

She heard the happy, excited voices of the girls as she came near the entrance of the auditorium. There began to be a frightened feeling in the pit of her stomach. She decided to go to the ladies lounge and smooth her hair and straighten her dress. She looked into the mirror, and there was happiness in her eyes. It was so wonderful that she was one of the chosen girls, for the first time in her life.

She was about to go in to the others, when she was sure she heard her name spoken. She peeked around the corner of the door. A group of girls stood at one side of the room talking. She could not help hearing what they said. The light went out of her morning, and a heavy weight came into her chest as she listened.

"Where did that girl, Nancy Bailey come from? She must be out from the sticks some place." It was Isabel Blake who spoke.

"Must be short of material down where she's from," someone else said. Deep color flooded Nancy's cheeks, and there was a chill in her body.

Why did I ever come here? Why did I think that I could run for queen against all of these sophisti-

cated girls? Many of them have been queens before. Grandma Bailey was so anxious that I try. It is her fault that I am here. Nancy felt sick inside. Then she heard a more friendly voice say, "One of the requirements is to be a good Latter-day Saint girl. I'm sure Nancy must be that."

I'LL slip away, and no one will know that I have been here. I'll say that I was ill and couldn't come. Nancy's thoughts raced on miserably. She was about to turn to go. She thought of Grandma Bailey. I can't stop now. Then someone came up to the door. It was Mr. Gale, one of the committee. He said, "We are about ready to begin. Come on in, Miss Bailey."

The chattering and smiles of the girls ceased as Nancy entered. They looked at each other slightly confused. Nancy hoped that they would not know that she had heard. She tried to smile. Many other girls were coming in now, and attention was drawn from her.

The girls all questioned each other. "What is your dress like? How will you wear your hair?"

"There are some girls with style here all right. Are you afraid?" Nancy heard Jane Parker ask Isabel Blake.

"Oh, I've won over cute girls before," Nancy heard Isabel answer. Isabel had been queen on many occasions, Nancy knew.

"It takes more than cuteness and style in this race," Jane Parker reminded Isabel.

Isabel turned to Nancy now, "What will your talent performance be?" she asked.

"Well, I'm not really sure." Nancy was ashamed and miserable. Why did Isabel have to ask her? Soon she would have to tell the committee what it would be.

Isabel looked at her amazed. "Don't know for sure!" She exclaimed.

THREE of the committee were there. They were pleasant and treated the girls with equal consideration. They tried to make each one feel comfortably at ease. Mr. Brown, the head of the committee, asked questions and took all of the information down. Most of the girls answered his questions with confidence, but Nancy felt no sureness, and was still wondering what she would tell him.

Jane Parker said that she would give an act from Shakespeare's *King Lear*. Mary Dally was going to sing a famous aria. Iris Layton would play a selection from Bach. On, and on, the girls all told what they would do; surely — confidently.

Nancy knew that her turn was coming right after Isabel Blake's. She listened closely, and hoped that Isabel's performance would be in the music class. I couldn't bear to give a dramatic reading if Isabel gives one, she thought. Her heart sank as she heard Isabel tell Mr. Brown, "I shall do an extract from *Anne of a Thousand Days*." Isabel sat up very straight and spoke very confidently.

Nancy shrank a little farther down in her seat as she thought of performing right after Isabel in a dramatic reading.

She straightened in her chair as she saw Mr. Brown at her side. "What is your performance, Miss Bailey?" Mr. Brown smiled down at her.

She wanted her voice to sound

confident as the others had. She cleared her throat and hesitated. Nancy knew whatever she told him she could not change. "I think I shall do. . . . I think I shall give some quotations from the prophets," she said. In her own ears her voice sounded hollow and weak.

Again Mr. Brown smiled and said, as he had to each of the others, "That is acceptable." He wrote her entry after Isabel's.

Nancy left the auditorium confused and hurt. She hardly knew what she should do. She didn't want to disappoint Grandma Bailey. It was sweet of her to think I should try for the queen contest, but now I wish I hadn't entered, she told herself.

GRANDMOTHER Bailey had first mentioned it one morning when Nancy had taken the morning paper for her to read. There were pictures in the paper that morning of many girls who were running for queen of Days of Forty-Seven. Above the picture it read: "Still time for more entries."

"Why don't you run for queen, Nancy?" Grandma Bailey had asked as casually as though it were a very usual thing.

Nancy had laughed in surprise. "Me—run for queen? Why this is for the whole State. I'd never even run for Rosedale."

"We never get to be a thing for which we don't try," her grandma said.

"You know there will be near professional talent, and, besides, I'm no beauty, you know." Nancy thought to turn it off lightly. It left her breathless even to think of it.

"I'm no beauty either," Grandmother Bailey laughed, "but I was queen of Days of Forty-Seven once, long ago. This contest is different from others."

Nancy saw the love and admiration shining in her grandma's eyes. She knew she was remembering that Nancy had a three-year perfect attendance record at Sunday School and sacrament meetings. Those things won't be known to the judges, Nancy thought. If grandma were a judge I would surely win. Finally, her grandmother's persuasive tongue had won, and Nancy was in the running. But Nancy had never thought it would turn this way, with the other girls' unkindnesses.

Nancy had another big worry, too. It was about a dress to wear for the final night of the contest. She had heard the girls talking about their dresses and they sounded so wonderful.

"I want you to look as nice as any of the girls," her mother had said.

"But father can't afford to buy dresses as fine as those Isabel Blake and Jane Parker will wear. I wouldn't want him to. Something simple will be more appropriate on me." Nancy knew it would be a sacrifice for her parents to get all the things she would need.

It was Grandma Bailey who came up with an idea. At first Nancy thought the idea a very queer one. She hated to hurt Grandma Bailey's feelings, but when she suggested that Nancy wear the very same dress that she herself had worn for Days of Forty-Seven queen, Nancy's heart sank low. She knew that some way she must change her grandmother's mind.

"It is so sweet of you," Nancy said, "but I couldn't think of wear-

ing your dress that you have treasured all these years."

Grandma Bailey took Nancy's arm and led her to the old chest in the corner of her room. "You know your Grandpa Bailey always said that you were going to be just like me, Nancy. That you were like I was when he first saw me. I'm sure the dress will fit you perfectly. If grandpa were here he would be very proud to see you in my dress."

She slowly unwrapped the dress from the folds of tissue paper. She shook it out and smoothed it lovingly.

The loveliness of the dress that her grandmother held up to her brought a delighted exclamation from Nancy's lips. Why, Grandma, it is so beautiful," she said. She had expected to see an old-fashioned affair that would be incongruous to wear for so important an occasion. "Any girl would be proud to wear this dress," she said, and kissed her grandmother fondly on the cheek.

GRANDMA Bailey looked very pleased as she went on to speak, "The material for this dress came over the seas from England and across the plains in my own grandmother's trunk. She always said she was saving it for a very important occasion. When I was chosen to be queen, she said, 'That is what the blue satin brocade is for. To make a queen dress for our little Sarah.' I was the oldest granddaughter, you know." Grandma Bailey's eyes were a little misty as she said, "I thought it was such a lovely dress, and folks said that I made a pretty queen."

Nancy smiled as she thought what a pretty girl Grandmother Bailey must have been. For a long moment she sat quietly watching the little old lady as she dreamily fondled the dress. Nancy wondered what the older grandma was like who had so carefully brought the material so far, and had given it to Grandma Bailey.

"You have a fine heritage, Nancy. Your foreparents made great sacrifices for what they believed. They had goodness and courage and faith."

"Grandma, I am very proud of them, and of you. Thanks so much for letting me wear your precious dress. I will try to be worthy to wear it," Nancy had said.

WHEN the final night of the contest arrived, Nancy sat with tenseness in her body, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, and her heart pounded fiercely. There were many there to hear their performances, for the public was invited. Nancy knew that all these people would be judging them in their minds, though there were three official judges. The committee had asked that there be no applause from the audience. They wanted the judges to judge strictly by the rules given them.

Mary Ross was giving a piano selection now. Her white, dainty fingers flew over the keys like fairy spirits dancing in a meadow.

One after another, the girls were called to do their parts. Their performances were wonderful. Now Nancy watched Isabel Blake glide across the platform. Isabel's dress swept out in graceful billows about her. It was a pale pink, a lovely material with silver shining threads running through it. She wore a brilliant

necklace and bracelet that shone with a thousand sparkling lights. Everyone drew a deep breath of approval as Isabel stood to speak. Her deep, mellow voice forcefully portrayed the deep feeling of Anne Boleyn in her speech to Henry the VIII, before Anne's death.

Now Isabel was smiling in her charming way, as she finished her reading and glided across the stage like a graceful nymph.

Talent, poise, personality, intelligence, charm, and facial and figure beauty; those are the things that are a part of the rules, Nancy thought as she watched Isabel. Isabel has them all. The judges will never know that she can be so unkind. She is sure to win.

Nancy heard her own name called now. She knew that somehow she must arise and walk across the stage. She must stand and give her performance.

She tried to think of all the things that her Grandmother Bailey had said to her. "Hold your head high, and walk with humble pride, Nancy. You have a heritage of which you may be proud. Your forebears had goodness and courage and faith."

As she moved across the platform she kept repeating to herself, "Goodness, courage, faith." She knew that her parents were there someplace and Grandma Bailey would be with them. As her eyes searched the faces before her, she saw them, and Grandma Bailey was smiling and nodding approval of her. The people were smiling, too. She thought, they like my dress.

The dress was full-skirted and fell in graceful folds; the bodice was close fitting, and about the neck and sleeves were ruffles of soft, creamy lace. The ice-blue satin brocade set off Nancy's soft skin.

NANCY looked straight into Grandmother Bailey's eyes, and assurance seemed to come into her. "I shall give quotations from the prophets, Isaiah, Joseph Smith, and Brigham Young," she announced proudly.

> And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.
>
> And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths. . . .

Nancy's eyes swept over the audience. There was a shining in her eyes and a gratefulness, for she knew that these prophecies were being fulfilled.

> The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. . . . And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. . . .

Nancy smiled. She was seeing the lovely little town which was her home, which had been desert country. Now there were running streams and many flowers. For a moment she paused before going on to give Joseph Smith's prophecy, that the saints would be persecuted and driven to the Rocky Mountains, and would build cities and there become a mighty people. Slowly, deliberately she spoke. With intense feeling she gave a picture of the many who had been led to this lovely, mountain home. Then she finished with

the prophetic words of Brigham Young when he said, "This is the place." Then, finally, his words again as he stood on the land, and said, "This is the site for the temple of our God." Nancy raised her eyes now, as though she were looking at the golden angel on the high pinnacle of the great temple that Brigham Young had spoken of.

Nancy was not thinking now of being a queen. She was seeing people in slow little ships crossing dangerous seas. She was watching weary saints plod day after day across the prairies and deserts and mountains. Many in the congregation were watching, too, a scene of their loved foreparents who had made great sacrifices to make the fulfillment of these prophesies possible.

As Nancy looked down to the audience, she saw Isabel and Jane sitting with their eyes steadily watching her. Their faces were as solemn as the others. To Nancy there came a sudden feeling of kindness for Isabel.

One of the judges soon came to the stage to announce the decision. He looked down at the row of girls before him. There was a seriousness in his face as he spoke. "We have reached a unanimous decision, although it has been a very difficult one," he said. "There are so many lovely girls, and much noteworthy talent, yet we have several good reasons for our choice of our queen."

THE girls moved restlessly in their seats and watched intently, anxiously, waiting for the names to be given.

"I will give you some reasons for our decision," the judge began. "First, for the choice of selection of subject matter so appropriate to the occasion of the Days of Forty-Seven; next the presentation was so sincerely given, with its wide appeal to all of us; another reason, is the dress befitting the event, and so graciously worn by a modest and charming Latter-day Saint girl." The judge hesitated a moment and smiled as he went on, "We are proud to announce that Nancy Bailey is our new queen for Days of Forty-Seven."

To be a queen had meant so many things to Nancy before she was one, but now she found what the true meaning really was. The judge had said some of the things. These were the things that Grandma Bailey had been trying to make her see and feel.

Humbly and gratefully now, Nancy accepted the honor. As she expressed her thanks, she said, "It is Grandma Bailey who is really a queen once more. I never could have won without her. Once, years ago, Grandmother Bailey stood as a queen in this very dress that I now wear. I only hope that I can be as lovely a queen as she."

Isabel Blake and Jane Parker were named to be Nancy's two attendants. Nancy was startled and a fear went through her. She was sure neither Isabel nor Jane would want to be her attendant. But quickly the two girls hurried over to her.

Nancy knew they were sincere when they told her, "Oh, Nancy. You were wonderful. We are so happy that you were chosen the queen. We are proud to attend you."

Luoma Photos

TULIP GARDEN

Color in the Borders

Dorthea N. Newbold

Garden Editor, *Deseret News - Salt Lake Telegram*

WHEN we begin to garden, it is with the desire to create something beautiful, to improve our bit of land, to satisfy the urge to take soil and seeds and, along with the sun and water, make something out of them. The garden we picture in our minds has borders full of blooms throughout the season—and, of course, there are never any weeds to mar that picture, nor are there any bugs or plant diseases or soil problems.

The desire to have a garden full of color throughout the growing season presents quite a challenge. It takes much planning and planting, changing about and searching for new ideas and for new combinations of plants. But each new season allows us an opportunity to begin all over again — an opportunity to improve our work.

To begin with, it adds to the meaning of "garden," if it is enclosed. The enclosure can be of wood, or bricks, cement walls, or a wire fence with shrubs planted in front of it. Or perhaps, best of all, a wall of shrubs or evergreens to enclose the gardened area. Flowers do not show off to their best advantage when left to grow *without* any background at all. They need a

background, and the green shrubbery provides the ideal setting for them.

In planning your garden make the borders wide to include the background of foliage. It is a difficult problem to use three feet of space and have color at all times throughout the growing season. Where you have strips of ground that are just that wide, you might plan to use several kinds of spring-flowering bulbs, and follow their blooming by planting a crop of annual plants for color beginning in July. Use several peony plants. Their foliage will remain attractive throughout the remainder of the season.

But to get back to the width of your main borders. Allow six to eight feet for the width of the borders. If your shrubs are planted in groupings of three or five, they will provide interesting bays and nooks for you to plant. Then, too, with the shrubs planted in groupings, the border will never be monotonous, but always interesting and intriguing. Before beginning to plant your wide borders, take the time to place a few stepping stones or large flat rocks about four or five feet back from the front edge of the borders. These will be your working islands when all the plants are in. You will find them very convenient.

Ward Linton

GLADIOLI

Ward Linton

SULPHUR PHOENIX NARCISSUS

The general rule is: tall plants in the back, medium growers in the center, with the shorter plants in the front sections. That is a good guide to follow, but the first thing we suggest is to break that rule by planting spring-flowering bulbs in all sections of the border. It is true that spring-flowering bulbs must be planted in the fall, but during the spring you can make your plans and selections of stock. By planting bulbs in all sections of the border, they will make a marvelous display.

Don't forget to plant plenty of bulbs *under* the shrubs. When the leaves of the shrubs are out full, there are few plants that will survive

Ward Linton

NEURINE — ORIENTAL AMARYLLIS

Ward Linton

JAPANESE IRIS

in the shade, and usually the ground is bare. If bulbs are planted under them, they will flower before the leaves of the shrubs appear.

The dying foliage of bulbs is not a pretty sight, and many gardeners cut it away from the bulbs, little realizing that those leaves are producing the energy that will be stored in the bulbs for next year's flowers. Don't let that foliage worry you. The perennials of all kinds in the borders will soon hide the bulb foliage.

MAKE careful selections of the varieties of bulbs you plant. Don't ignore those early-blooming varieties. Snowdrops, crocus, grape hyacinth, and scillas bloom before the daffodils. Secure a good catalogue and make selections of varieties of daffodils. Then along come the tulips, and from the earliest part of the spring until the last of May, we can enjoy tulips in bloom. We are only limited by what we can afford to spend for bulbs.

Then comes the iris season. Hybridizers have accomplished a great deal with iris, and the newest varieties are a thrilling addition to the garden. One is forced to use some restraint, else the garden would be too full of iris, leaving the area looking pretty dull when their season is past. Select a few of the very best moderately priced plants by visiting the big fields when the iris are in full flower.

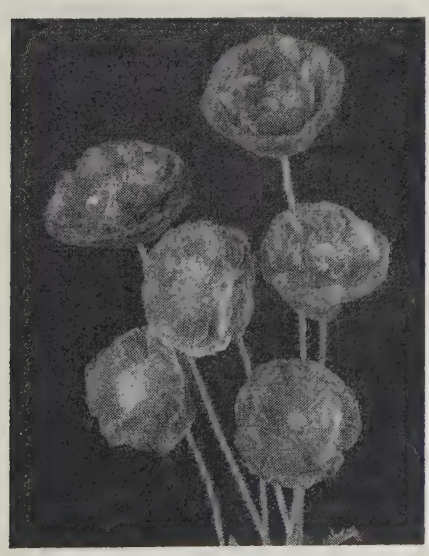
Early summer is regarded now as mainly iris time, but don't forget to use at least a few of those favorites of yesterday — such as sweet Williams (actually a biennial), any of the new improved daisies, veronicas, and oriental poppies. The new oriental poppies are lovely, and though their blooming period is short, the garden is much richer with their appearance. Delphiniums

and daisies make lovely cutting material. Plant most of these perennials in the center sections of the border. Used in groupings through the garden, they will reappear each succeeding year and produce an abundance of bloom which will delight the gardener, and yet require only a minimum of care.

Before we leave the early summertime perennials, let's look long at the beauteous spires of delphiniums. In some sections of our country they are difficult to grow, but when we see their beautiful blue spires we know that any trouble we have had to produce them has been worth it. We can plant them in groups toward the back sections of the border, and preferably against a setting of lilac bushes. The foliage of the lilac enhances the beauty of the delphiniums.

Day lilies, long ago banished to the roadside, have been staging a strong comeback. And they are proving themselves to be a welcome addition to the garden. They will thrive well in any climate, in any type of soil, and under most conditions. The flowers of the day lilies stand tall above their fountain-like foliage. Fresh blooms open daily—that's how they got their name. The new varieties recently developed have large flowers of a heavy substance. Some have petals that are ruffled and recurved. The color range is amazing, from light creams, yellows, and oranges right to purples that are almost black. The substance of the blooms is marvelous—far superior to the older "corn-lily" of grandmother's garden.

One of their best features is that they can be depended upon to supply color in the border from springtime until frost. They star when the heat of the summer is greatest, and the other plants are forced to slacken their blooming. Even the smallest garden has room for a clump or two of day lilies. A good catalogue will give you the approximate blooming date of each variety. Day lilies may be planted in any section of the border because their



Ward Linton

POPPIES

Ward Linton

TIGER LILY

Willard Luce

ROSE (THE DOCTOR)

foliage does not create a problem. It is graceful and attractive all season.

WE have not said one word about the lovely roses—about those floribundas or grandifloras. These marvelous new plants, produced by skilled hybridizers, bloom all season, beginning at the usual blooming time, and continuing right up to frost. There is a slackening off period when the heat of summer is greatest. Floribundas and grandifloras can be used as border plants toward the back of the borders, and planted in groups of threes. Or they may be used as hedges or in boundary plantings. Any place you plant them, they are simply beautiful.

Annuals are the "frosting on the cake." They bring masses of color, or ribbons of color. They will finish off the front edge of the beds and borders. Or they can be used to cover any bald spots left by disappearing bulb or poppy foliage. The new F-1 hybrid petunias—those having very compact plants and a generous crop of big blooms—can be used for masses of color anywhere in the garden. They will bloom from early July until frost. The lower growing plants, such as violets, lobelias, the alyssums, and the new pigmy marigolds will make ribbon edgings that can tie the garden into a unit.

Now we have come up to frost time — without a word about phlox, or about chrysanthemums. Phlox, a perennial, is an old standby for the hot weather periods. Beginning to flower when all the other plants are curling up with the heat, it will present a beauty unlike any other plant during the most difficult season.

And chrysanthemums! Books have been written about them, and developments are so rapid that the

Ward Linton

MARIGOLDS

books are soon outdated. For here again the hybridizers have produced wonderful results. Hardiness, floriferousness, good colors, and form have been bred into the flowers, and we now can enjoy chrysanthemums right up until snow flies. Borders and beds can be a blaze of color for weeks after frost has killed all other plants. Here again the catalogues and the gardens of the specialists will be your guide in making selections for purchasing chrysanthemum plants for your garden.

There is not a plant that will bloom all season. And after all who would want such a plant? Wouldn't it be tiresome to know, without going out and looking, that the same plant was blooming in September—just as it was in May? It's ever so much more interesting, though requiring more work, to have a variety of plants.

Ward Linton

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Note to a Woodpecker

Alice Morrey Bailey

Be quiet, please! I know that spring has come
As gaily as a circus up the hill,
Flaunting gold and red. Suppose your drum
Is apropos of tulip's marching drill,
Or the shining green of willow buds, I trust
There is an end to it, but doubt the good
Of pointing out your voice's piercing thrust
Or that your beak was made to peck on wood.

I can believe more gentle harbingers,
Like downy baby chicks, and tugging kites,
And winds that send their scented messengers.
I do quite well without your mating fights,
Or this hysterical and drumming din
Upon a winter-rusted roof of tin!

The Apricot Tree

Mabel Harmer

JANET drew her shawl more closely about her shoulders as she stepped out of the cabin door. The wind was sharp — for April. She hurried out to the shed and picked up an armload of wood. Thank goodness, she didn't have to shovel a path through the snow any longer.

On the way back she stopped to examine the buds on the apricot tree. Maybe last night's frost hadn't nipped them. It was hard to tell. This was the third tree she had planted, and they were hard to get. It had been the first one to survive at all, and maybe the buds on this one had been frozen so that there would be no fruit this year.

She hurried on. Timmie mustn't be left alone for more than a few minutes. His breathing was easier this morning, but he'd had a hard coughing spell in the night. If she could just get that fever broken today he might do all right.

She caught a glimpse of a horseman turning into their lane from the road. "Matt Hornsby coming in with the mail. He's been to the store and picked it up along with his own," she told herself. It had to be that. It couldn't be someone coming to get her to take care of his wife. Not today. Not with Timmie so dreadfully sick. It couldn't be. And, if it was, Timmie had first call on her time.

She went inside and dropped the wood into the box. The boy on the bed looked at her listlessly, his eyes bright with fever.

"I'll get you some nice breakfast," she said cheerfully, careful to hide any trace of anxiety. "I've made some good hot mush. There's honey for sweetening, too. That will help you to get well and strong."

He showed little interest, but she scooped up a small bowl of mush from the kettle on the hearth and spread it lavishly with honey. She had just started to coax some of it into his half-willing mouth when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," she called, not daring to break off with the feeding to get up.

The door opened, and she turned to see young Parley Matheson. Her heart sank. Lutie's time had come. Or maybe it hadn't. The baby was not due for another two or three weeks yet. The young husband's distraught face quickly told her otherwise.

He didn't waste any words. "Lutie needs you real bad, Sister Thurston. She's been having pains most of the night. I just waited for daylight to ride over. Will you come real quick? I don't want to leave her alone any longer than I can help. She's scared."

Even in her distress Janet half smiled. She knew which one was the most scared when the first baby came.

Then the serious, anxious look returned. She forced the last spoonful of food into the boy and stood up. "I can't go," she said shortly.

"You can't!" he repeated unbelieving. "Why, you have to come.

Lutie might die. She's awful bad."

"Timmie's awful bad, too," said Janet. "I've been up with him all night. I'm afraid he's got pneumonia. He has a high fever. Miles has gone out with the wagon for freight. I'm here alone. I can't leave him."

PARLEY rolled his felt hat between his agonized knuckles. "But what'll we do? She's got to have you?"

"I can tell you what to do," she replied. "Or, maybe you can get Sister Blackburn. She helped with my three. Lots of babies have been born without my help. Lutie won't die. She's good and strong. I reckon you're a lot more scared than she is."

Parley looked helplessly about. "You bet I'm scared. I couldn't do anything, if both our lives depended on it. And Sister Blackburn is another two miles away. I can't take all that time to go after her."

Janet looked out of the window to a little windswept knoll. Her lips were set as she said in a low, determined voice. "There're two little graves out there, Parley. My little girls. Timmie's all I've got left. I can't take a chance on losing him, too. If I can just break this fever today he may be all right. But I've got to watch him every minute. Lutie isn't in half the danger he is."

Parley looked trapped. He drew his coat sleeve across his eyes in a bewildered fashion.

Janet went over and pulled her worn brown satchel from underneath the bed. "Take this," she said, "if you decide not to go for Ellie Blackburn. There are scissors and clean cloths and anything else you will need."

He reached for it as if in a trance and started towards the door. Then he turned and said, "Lutie won't feel safe with Sister Blackburn or anyone but you."

Janet stood silent for a moment. "Very well," she said quietly. "I'll go. You stay here and watch Timmie. Don't let the fire down for a moment. Bathe his face with cold cloths. And rub his chest with this oil every so often."

She started to put on her wraps. The heavy, shapeless coat and the blue fascinator. "I'll have to ride your horse," she said. "Miles has taken ours out for freight."

Before putting on her knitted gloves, she went back to the bed and felt Timmie's head. The boy turned fever-bright eyes upon her. She shut her own, unable to bear the pleading, half-scared look in his eyes. She couldn't go. It was asking too much.

As if he sensed her wavering, Parley said, "I'll take real good care of him, Sister Thurston. I won't be scared here, like I would be with Lutie. I'll do everything you said." Then he added, "And I'll pray."

Janet nodded and stood up. "Be a good boy," she said to Timmie. "Mother will be back real soon. I have to get a new baby for Sister Matheson."

She pulled on the gloves and went out of the door.

The horse stood with his head lowered against the wind. It could snow yet, Janet worried. Then there would be frost and the apricot buds would freeze.

As she rode along she thought that the countryside had never looked uglier. Later, there would be green in the fields. Now there was only last year's stubble showing through patches of snow. Here and there a bare tree held stark branches towards a gray sky.

Her thoughts went back to her former home in Indiana. There had been two tall evergreen trees, standing like sentinels on either side of the front door. In April the violets made a purple carpet on the south side of the house.

But, most of all, she remembered the lilacs. There was a double row that reached down the lane to the highway. Even now she could close her eyes and smell those lilacs.

And still she had never regretted leaving when her faith called. None of the hardships, the lack of beauty, would have mattered if only she could have kept her little girls. And now Timmie was so sick. "Dear God," she prayed, "please let me keep Timmie."

The thought flashed through her mind that she ought to be given his life in payment for her willingness to go to Lutie. But she quickly put it aside. She would not attempt to bargain with God. Not even to keep Timmie.

The horse quickened his pace as they turned down the lane to the Matheson cabin. There was no smoke coming out of the chimney. She did hope there would be some hot coals left. It was hard to start a blaze without matches. She would be needing a fire for hot water.

She put the horse in the barn, drew off the saddle and bridle, and hurried into the cabin.

Lutie greeted her with a deep sigh of relief. "I thought you'd never get here," she said. "I began to think that something must have happened to Parley on the way, or that maybe you weren't home. I'd have died if you hadn't come."

"Oh, now, I don't think so," said Janet cheerfully. "I'll get this fire going and make you a cup of hot ginger tea. It's sort of relaxing."

Thank goodness there were live coals and enough wood in the box to keep the fire going for some time.

"Where's Parley?" asked Lutie anxiously. "Why didn't he come back with you?"

"He couldn't. I was about not to come myself. Timmie is real sick. I didn't want to leave him. Miles is out for freight. Someone had to stay."

"I'm sorry," said Lutie. "I remember. . . . It must be terrible to lose a child."

"Yes. I guess maybe there isn't anything that's harder to bear. Maybe you'll think you're suffering today. Well, let me tell you, you'd go through it once a week, if you had to, in order to keep them."

SHE went out for a bucket of water and just as she came in the door Lutie gave a cry of pain. Janet put down the bucket and took hold of her hand. "Just pull as hard as you want," she said. "And cry out if you like. It won't hurt anything and it might help."

When the girl had relaxed again Janet busied herself about the cabin. There was not much work to be done, but she couldn't just sit. Certainly today, of all days, she couldn't just sit.

"Where are your carpet rags?" she asked.

"Under the bed — what few I have. There hasn't been much of anything I could spare, so far."

Janet brought out the bag. There were nine balls of rags, all sewed together. There wasn't a scrap of extra cloth. She slipped off one of her underskirts and began cutting it into long strips.

When Lutie gave a cry of protest, she said briskly, "This has been patched until you can't tell which was the original stuff, anyway, so I might as well cut it up."

Actually it wasn't quite that bad. It was no worse than the other two she was wearing, but she had to do something. She couldn't just sit there and worry.

While she was cutting she kept up a stream of talk with Lutie. It helped both of them. In between times she held the girl's hands when the pains came, or rather let Lutie hold hers.

THE day dragged slowly on. There was no clock in the cabin, but Janet knew that hours had passed. Great, long, seemingly endless hours. She wondered if it could possibly seem as long, even to the suffering girl on the bed, as it did to her. Would Parley be able to do anything at all? Maybe she should have left more instructions. But what? Could anyone cope with it, if it got any worse?

"Is it this bad for everyone?" Lutie asked as Janet wiped the perspiration from her forehead.

"Mostly. Some are worse. You're coming along fine and natural like. You haven't got one thing to worry about."

"All those millions of babies born in the world. It doesn't seem possible that each one could have cost so much."

"No, but they have. That is, more or less."

"I've heard women say that you forget the pain afterwards. I'll never, never forget this," she said through clenched teeth.

"No, honey," Janet soothed, "you won't forget it. But you won't mind, either. If it were ten times as bad, you'd still be glad, once you get your baby in your arms. That's all that matters." To herself she added, Get them and keep them. That matters, too. That matters more than anything.

The time finally came when she put down the carpet rags to give all of her attention to the girl. The baby was born, announcing its arrival into the world with a loud wail of protest.

"It's a girl. A beautiful little girl," said Janet triumphantly. "I'll bet she'll weigh a good seven pounds. Maybe seven and a half. And will you look at all that black hair!"

Lutie looked at her baby with such joy and pride that Janet felt a lump in her throat, although she had witnessed that same glow a hundred times.

After she had done all that she could for the mother, she dressed the baby in the soft new clothes and put her in the crib. Then she said, "I'll have to go. Parley will be back here before long."

Lutie, who was already dozing, roused herself enough to murmur, "Yes, you must go. Parley will be real worried."

Janet smiled. No need to retort

that Parley was the least of her own worries. Anyway, there was no doubt that it had been a long, hard day for him, too.

She went out to the barn and put the saddle on the horse. Reluctantly he started down the lane.

"I know you hate leaving home," she said, "so did I. I hated it a lot worse than you do. But it can't be helped. There are times when you have to go."

The horse paid no attention and, try as she would, she could only occasionally coax him into anything more than a mere walk. He would slow down the instant she quit prodding him.

SHE had gone a little more than halfway when the horse stepped into a chuckhole, throwing her violently forward. By the time she had recovered her position and urged the horse onward a few steps, she discovered that he was lame. It was still another two miles to her cabin, but she couldn't ride a lame horse.

She dismounted and looked about. The Hemstead cabin was the only one nearby. Should she go over there and try to borrow a horse, or simply walk on home? She wasn't even sure that the Hemsteads had a horse. Not everyone did. It was at least a quarter of a mile to the cabin. If she went up there and couldn't get a horse, she'd have lost all that time and would still have to walk home.

She took a dozen steps and stopped. She had forgotten about Parley. It would take him hours to walk the five miles back to his cabin. Lutie and the baby were alone. The fire would be out. Lutie would be scared to death.

She turned and walked swiftly to the Hemstead cabin.

"Why Janet Thurston!" cried Sister Hemstead. "What a sight for sore eyes you are! Do come in. I have some hot cinnamon rolls I just made."

The room was warm and cozy. The cinnamon rolls smelled heavenly. Janet dropped into a chair. "I can't stay. I only wish I could. I've just put Lutie Matheson to bed with a baby girl. Parley's at my place with Timmie. He's real sick. I have to get back as soon as I can."

"I'm awfully sorry," murmured Selma. "Can we help?"

It reminded Janet that she hadn't explained why she had come. "Parley's horse has gone lame. I turned him loose to go back home. Do you have one that I could borrow?"

"Sure, we do. How about Arne hitching up the wagon and taking you? You must be pretty tired by now."

Janet shook her head. "Just the horse, please. I could go faster that way."

"Then I will call Arne to put on the saddle. And you take some of these rolls for you and Timmie to eat when you are home again."

"Thank you," said Janet. "You're very kind."

ONCE more she was on the road. With the fresh horse, she made good time. He seemed willing to travel as fast as she dared to ride.

When she reached home she slipped off, made him fast, and hurried inside. The fire was low.

Sprawled in front of it was Parley, fast asleep. At Timmie's "Hey, Ma!" he awakened with a start.

"Gosh, I'm sorry," he muttered. "I guess I must have dozed for a minute."

Janet was at Timmie's side. She put her hand on his forehead. It felt warm against her chilled palm, but not alarmingly hot. She felt his cheek. "The fever seems to have gone," she said with a deep sigh of thankfulness.

"Lutie! What about Lutie?" cried Parley, now fully awake.

Janet smiled. "Lutie's fine. You have a beautiful baby girl."

Parley was up on his feet. "I did everything you told me. I haven't been asleep very long. I hope he's all right."

"He seems to be fine. Don't worry. You'd better get along home now. Your horse went lame. I borrowed one from Hemsteads."

"Thanks," said Parley. "Thanks for everything. My cow will have a calf soon. I can pay you with that."

"I'm hungry," said Timmie, as the door shut.

"Good, so am I," said Janet. "I'm hungry — and happy. Sister Hemstead gave me some nice, fresh cinnamon rolls. I'll warm up some milk. It will make us a good supper."

She went outside for an armload of wood. The wind had died down and the sweet smell of April was in the air. It wasn't going to snow, after all.

She stopped long enough to look at the apricot tree again. The buds were swelling with a deep pink. There would be no more frost, she could almost be sure. This year there would be blossoms and fruit on the tree.

Invitation

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Come with me, bring your book and pen;
The lavender wisteria is in bloom;
It will not post this scented note again
For many months. Ah, such a frail perfume!

The bobolinks who stayed with us last year,
High in the leafing elm, sing songs of bliss;
Were we bequeathed a thousand springtimes here
Each would be all too brief on days like this.

A wayward breeze will join us now and then,
Do come, bright, sun-kissed wings await your pen.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1898

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE APRIL CONFERENCE: The General Conference of the Church which commenced on April 6, and closed its session on April 10 . . . was one of the best, if not the very best conference ever held in this valley . . . Certainly the Saints were fed the bread of life. . . . The testimonies of prophets and apostles were powerful and impressive. . . . President Woodruff at the advanced age of ninety-one years standing in the great congregation and bearing testimony day after day . . . was a wonderful manifestation of spiritual power.

—Editorial

HOW TO BUILD A GRANARY ON NOTHING: The St. George Relief Society was in a quandary . . . for the thousandth time the subject of the storage of grain had been discussed. . . . But what was to be done? An inventory of the resources of the Society revealed half a dozen patch-work quilts, some finished, others in course of construction; a few pairs of partly finished stockings and socks, a limited quantity of carpet rags. . . ."But we've got to have a granary," said the officers. . . . it finally leaked out that we were to have a "Bee" . . . to which all our husbands and brothers and sons were to be invited. . . . At least one hundred and seventy-five men and boys with twenty-five good teams and wagons made lively times. . . . Our granary will have a capacity of two thousand bushels, and we expect to have it ready to receive the wheat at harvest time.

—Julia A. Pace, Cor. Sec.

SLEEP WELL, BRAVE HEART

Sleep well, brave heart, beloved of Christ and crowned,
He gives thee sleep.
The wide world's love enwraps thy slumber round,
God gives thee sleep.
His angels smile; His stricken children weep;
Yet smiles, nor tears, shall break thy blessed sleep. . . .

—Mary Lowe Dickinson

MADAME MELBA: Madame Melba and her grand opera company arrived in the city last night and will appear in the large Tabernacle tonight. The Tabernacle choir will also take part in the concert to be given. Madame Melba is an Australian and takes her stage name from the city of Melbourne where she was born. Her bird-like voice has made her famous the world over.

—News Note

SAN JUAN STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE: Conference convened at Bluff . . . President Martha Hammond presiding . . . said she hoped the Lord would pour out a goodly portion of his spirit on the sisters that we might be blessed and built up . . . and better qualified for our labors and duties in the future as wives, mothers, and Relief Society workers. . . . President Kisten Neilson said the Bluff Ward Relief Society was in good condition, the sisters being on hand to donate when necessary and trying to improve and advance in all that is good. President Norah Hammond said the members of the Mancos society attended when possible, but on account of the settlement being scattered it was not possible for mothers of families with small children to attend regularly in the winter season. . . . President Mary M. Jones reported the Monticello society as being on the improve. . . .

—Evelyn Adams, Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH JONES is the soft-voiced, full-time director of Milwaukee's Children's Arts Program, the "most enthusiastically supported children's program in its field." Its purpose is to open the world of the arts to children, from five years old to and including high-school age. The project is housed in the $2,500,000 Memorial Building, which both serves the living and honors the dead. Classes of many kinds are enjoyed in the mornings, and in the afternoons come the matinees, which bring together art, music, drama, and dance groups. The children come early and stay late—for thirteen dollars a semester. More than 350 women volunteers help make the project a success.

MRS. OLIVE WOOLLEY BURT, whose serial "Elizabeth's Children," is presently running in *The Relief Society Magazine*, has another biography published by the Julian Messner Company, as one of the Messner biographical series. *Jim Beckwith* was a man who became a chief of the Crow Indians. A trapper and fur trader, he discovered Beckwith's Pass between California and the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and founded Pueblo, Colorado. The reviews on this book have been very favorable.

ANYA SETON has written a new biography, *The Winthrop Woman*, detailing the life of Governor Winthrop's niece in the wilderness of New England. The book gives interesting and authentic background material on the history and customs of the time, as well as effective descriptions of the "stern and rockbound coast."

DOROTHY THOMPSON in her new mentally, morally, and spiritually invigorating book, *The Courage to Be Happy*, calls happiness "an inextinguishable sense of gratitude for and to life." Miss Thompson was the first woman to write a successful column on national and international affairs. She has been awarded honorary degrees by eight universities and has been called the "conscience of America."

FREDA DIAMOND, a young American industrial designer, has been employed by the Japanese Government as technical adviser to the small and medium-sized industries of Japan.

THE American Nurses Association, a member of the International Council of Nurses, has an exchange program that enables its members to work and study abroad.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 45 APRIL 1958 NO. 4

"Swifter Than a Weaver's Shuttle"

DEAREST Mom:

The things you recalled to my mind in your last letter have really become deep-seated in my heart.

How could I have imagined that I could forego Relief Society to accomplish such unimportant things as housecleaning, gardening, or spring sewing, and not miss something important? Thoughts such as these have run through my mind since your letter arrived. "Thou shalt lay aside the things of this world, and seek for the things of a better" (D & C 25:10), "He that endureth to the end," (Mt. 10:22). "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle" . . . (Job 7:6).

With my aspirations constantly in mind, I have considered the things which are of greatest worth to me. Is scouring my house from attic to cellar more important (goodness knows it needs cleaning) or preparing the soil for my early flowers, or putting my sweet-pea seeds in the ground of more importance to me than the blessings of Relief Society?

My spring hat needs remodeling, and the blue wool you gave me for a new spring suit is anxiously awaiting to be made up. What shall I do—bundle up the baby and go to Relief Society and leave the housecleaning? The amount of work left undone during my hour and a half in Relief Society would be negligible.

Spring is upon us. Just this morning I noticed the lilac bush in the back yard out in bud. I had planned to skip Relief Society this month and get caught up on my spring work — then in May I could start in afresh for the last month of Relief Society meetings this year. For your suggestions, Mother Dear, I am deeply grateful. Each day, each hour is vitally important and the way we use it even more, so — you showed me just how to fit these tasks into my twenty-four hour day — how to take the time — make the effort — and reap the reward. You reminded me of our oft-recalled statement that it takes more energy to start a motor than it does to keep it running. It is well to place first things first — to place proper emphasis upon the spiritual values of life.

Of course one cannot possibly miss Relief Society without losing so much of the finer things of life.

How my testimony has grown during the past few years since you first really introduced me to Relief Society. Of course I have always known what you have done for Relief Society, but never did I understand what Relief Society did for you until now. I used to wonder how I could get the cultural re-

finement I desired and the education and social opportunities I required, with my three young sons to be cared for while this was being accomplished — little did I dream that all this and added blessings and opportunities would be gained through my participation in this beloved organization.

When I do not attend Relief Society meeting I miss seeing that darling little Sister Cole, each week, and the sweet voice of Jennie, and the wonderful lift I get when working on welfare sewing with Sister James and Barbara (all the young women around here go to Relief Society). I just can't bear to miss the Shakespeare lesson or, in fact, any of the lesson days. After hearing the enlightening discussion on family life and other subjects, I can intelligently converse with Don, during dinner each night. My life pattern has indeed been changed for the better.

I've got everything figured out now, Mom. I've planned to get up at seven and get the garden spot ready for planting, before the children awaken, and then I'll take the blue suit to Relief Society and Sister Margetts will help me to get the sleeves in properly. And this month they are going to demonstrate how to remodel old hats. The housecleaning can be worked in mornings and evenings — you see I learned through Relief Society how to become a better manager. It really pays to plan — one gets so much more accomplished.

I just couldn't miss Relief Society. The wonderful opportunities for service, the advantage of participation, and assimulating the finest literature and music and the personal growth and development one receives, the sweet association that is afforded us with spiritual, friendly, gracious women, all these are invaluable. The knowledge of the gospel which increases testimonies, and the encouragement we receive to actually practice these teachings and to emulate them in our everyday lives is gratifying. These are blessings we can obtain in no other way. We should grasp every opportunity available to learn of the worthwhile things of life, to practice true charity and to teach our children to love the Lord. It is my desire to choose wisely — realizing that sustained effort is most economical — continued interest and active participation in Relief Society bring everlasting joy and satisfaction. It is true that those who place the things of this world above the things of God and the wisdom of eternity have not riches. "Seek not for riches but for wisdom."

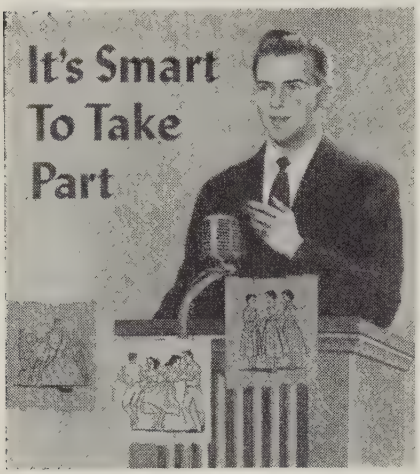
Mother Dear, I wish every woman, both old and young, could feel as I do about Relief Society, that the glorious advantages of sustained effort bring happiness here and eternal life hereafter.

Lovingly,
Jane
—H. W. A.

It's Smart to Take Part

The Meaning of Membership

"Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?" (Romans 2:21)



WITHIN the gospel plan a Latter-day Saint of any age or situation in life may find a field of service and receive, in turn, personal fulfillment.

Go on any Sabbath to a sacrament meeting in any ward or branch of the Church — in any land — and the treasured evidences of the meaning of active membership are richly demonstrated.

Attend a testimony meeting and feel the unity and strength, the faith and humility of the brothers and sisters. Though each one speaks from his own heart, the words and emotions are familiar to all — for each has found a way in which he can render helpful service and receive spiritual sustenance from the Lord and from his brethren who rejoice in the same gospel which he accepts and magnifies in his own life.

Be present when an infant is given a name and a father's blessing, when a child is confirmed as a member of the Church, when a young man is advanced in the Priesthood, or a young girl becomes a Golden Gleaner. These events are of precious significance to the participating families, but they are also important to all the membership, for everyone shares in the feeling of growth and accomplishment, the seeking for eternal values through progress upon the earth.

Each member of the Church who takes part in its work and its blessings not only finds individual growth and development, but rejoices also in the spiritual advancement which comes to the devoted sons and daughters of our Heavenly Father.

"We are not divided, all one body we, one in hope and doctrine, one in charity."

The tithepayer feels a special exaltation of spirit when he sees the temple spires rising as a testament to faith. He feels that in some small way he is a builder of churches and chapels, he has turned his hand to the work of the Lord. One who sees the storehouses, the farms, the production under the Welfare Plan may feel that he has helped in the establishment of material security in the land.

The Relief Society visiting teachers know the value of participation, for as they enter into the homes of the sisters, they give of their love and solicitude, and they receive in return the blessed spirit of sisterly appreciation and affection.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

Recipes From the Tongan Mission

Submitted by Sylvia R. Stone

Coconut Milk

Break the coconut in half. Scrape out the coconut, using a *hakalo* (sharp knife) wedged in ground). Squeeze the grated coconut with piece of cloth or coconut fibre to get the milk from it.

Vai Siaine (Cooked Bananas)

12 ripe bananas
½ c. coconut milk
14 c. water

Cut the bananas in small pieces about one-half inch. Put in saucepan and add coconut milk and water. Cook for about thirty minutes. This recipe, as well as all others, can be prepared by wrapping in banana leaves and cooking in an umu (oven in the ground).

Otai Mango

4 ripe mangoes
8 c. water
1½ c. sugar
3 c. coconut milk

Peel and wash mangoes. Scrape into small pieces. Add other ingredients and stir. Serve cold.

This is also good with watermelon, pineapple, *leise* (papaya), and other fruits.

Tongan Pudding

2 or 3 breadfruits

Sauce:
2 c. coconut milk
2 c. green coconut water
2 c. sugar

Put sugar in saucepan over fire. Stir all the time until the sugar melts and gets brown. Add other ingredients, stirring until sauce is thick.

Cook two or more breadfruits. Peel off skin and mash with spoon. When properly mashed, the breadfruits will look like a dough. Cut in small squares, pour on sauce, and serve.

Cooked Lu

½ gal. water
1½ lbs. *lu* (tarrow leaves, the small tender ones). other greens good also
1½ c. coconut milk
1 onion chopped fine
½ lb. tomatoes
1 tsp. curry powder
1 tsp. salt

Put *lu* in boiling water. Add the rest of the ingredients and cook until tender.

Very good with corn beef added. Most meat, such as chicken, fish, pork, and beef are cooked in coconut milk wrapped in banana leaves and put in the *umu*.

Cooked Leise (Papaya)

3 *leise*
2 c. coconut milk
½ tsp. salt
1 small onion

Peel *leise* and cut in little pieces. Chop onion and add salt. Put in coconut milk and cook in slow oven one hour.

Fight Cancer With a Checkup and a Check

Walter J. Kohler

Chairman, Board of Directors, American Cancer Society

CANCER is a disease that strikes savagely at both young and old, without regard for class, or rank, or race. And it is a killing disease for a quarter of a million Americans annually. It is dreadful that so common an affliction should be attended by so much anguish and loss.

Yet we need not face the menace of cancer with unreasonable fear. Today we know that cancer, if detected and treated in its early stages, is a highly curable disease. Today we know that at least half of all cancer patients may be saved if detection and treatment are commenced in time. Today we know our scientists are certain of an ultimate victory over cancer, a victory many authorities believe will come in the not too distant future.

The programs of the American Cancer Society are precisely those which have made a decade of remarkable progress in cancer control possible. *Research*, a program of support for the labors of more than 1,000 leading scientists. *Education*, a program which round the clock brings the message of early diagnosis to Americans wherever they work and live. *Service*, a program which strives to bring comfort and relief to cancer patients in need of help.

Let us do our part to aid this most worthy of causes. Let us lend our fullest support to the 1958 Cancer Crusade. Give generously!

Sounding Light

Maude Rubin

I've never seen the thrush
And yet I know he's here—
His voice writes silver lines on gathering dark;
Brings flowering to these aisles
Where pines grow spear on spear,
A note of singing fire, a sounding spark.

My eyes search dimming light
Of twilight's wooded park
For movement of a feather, shadow-thinned;
For living fleck of gray
Against gray alder bark . . .
See but a weathered leaf before the wind.

Ward Linton

PEACH ORCHARD NEAR VALYERMO, CALIFORNIA

San Gabriel Mountains in the Background

Flowering Peach Tree

Christie L. Coles

Once only in a year
Of seasons do we see
This pink miracle
Of blossoming tree;

Curved, lifted, covered
With a perfumed bloom,
A picture from my
Winter-weary room;

Framed by my window,
Reflected in my glass,
A testament of life
For all who pass.

"A thing of beauty"
Catching at the breath,
A flowering challenge
To November's death;

Once only in a year
Of bright seasons, full
Of beauty, do we see
This pink miracle.

The Request

Ruth M. Ostegar

WITH a clatter and a clang, the pots and pans fell crashing to the floor just as Mary Lunford came running into the kitchen. With one arm, she swept up the offender, young Michael, grandchild number twenty-one, while with the other she replaced the cooking utensils and closed the cabinet doors.

Mary didn't make a habit of baby-sitting. With six married children living near, that could run into work. And with her ward Relief Society taking up so much of her energy, she just didn't have the time to take on the responsibility of grandchildren. However she didn't mind caring for them once in a while in an emergency, in fact it was fun, and she could nearly always count on Karen, her youngest daughter, to give her a hand. Karen was wonderful with children, but today she had a friend with her and giggling and chattering had made her oblivious to anything else.

Sometimes Mary wondered about Karen. Life had been so easy for this beautiful, twenty-year-old, with the fair hair and big brown eyes, especially since they had moved into the new home. What would she do if she had a real sorrow or trouble facing her? How would she react to hardship or poverty? She seemed to have a lot of faith. But would it be as strong in foul weather as in fair? Had they been making life too smooth and enjoyable for this much-younger daughter? Yet, after all, wasn't that why they had worked so hard all the years, to give their children the good things of life?

With the child in her arms, Mary went to the front door to see how the new gardener was doing in the yard. She stood for a moment looking out on the well-kept lawns, the trees, and the flower beds, bathed now in sunshine, with the soft, summer breeze contentedly whispering to the leaves as it sleepily lulled the trees to gentle rest.

The feel of the young wiggler in her arms took her back again to the years when the Lunfords were a young couple struggling to build a simple home and rear a family. They had been hard years, but very rewarding. Life had been good to them. Mary was awakened from her reverie by a car pulling into the circular driveway, and was happy to see that it was her daughter Diane, young Michael's mother.

"I was longer than I anticipated," she said as she relieved her mother of the smiling, gurgling child who held out his arms. "I hope our mischevious Michael wasn't too much trouble for you."

"He was no bother at all," replied her mother. "Now, come inside for a few minutes and get cooled off. You look warm."

"Well, I should be going. . . ."

"Oh, come on in. I'll get you some cold orange juice."

"This is cool and restful," she sighed as she sat down on the couch and relaxed. "What I wouldn't give for an air-conditioned house!"

The mysterious giggling and chattering from Karen's room suddenly seemed to have reached a climax. With a burst of laughter, she and her friend Joan swept smoothly into the living room dressed as for a summer fashion show.

"Well, why the fine clothes? Where are you going?" Mrs. Lunford inquired, as she arrived with a tall glass of juice.

"Oh, out," Karen replied evasively. And then, putting on her most winsome manner, she asked, "Mother, may I take the new car for awhile?"

"The new car? What's wrong with the old one? And where are you going?"

"We thought we'd drive out around the lake and watch the water skiers for a little while."

"But why the new car, and the best clothes?"

"Yes, whom are you trying to impress?" Diane broke into the conversation, as she busily fussed with Michael, who was demanding his share of her drink.

"No one in particular. We just want to have some fun. And that old car is a wreck! It has no glamour!"

"Wreck! I wish we had it! It's two years younger than our one and only means of transportation."

"Well, may I take it, Mother?" Karen's smile was most captivating.

"It's all right with me, if your father doesn't object."

"Object to what?" a new voice broke in, as Mr. Lunford emerged from his basement workshop.

"We want to use the new car for a little while. May we Daddy dear?"

"The new car?"

"Yes."

He hesitated, then, "Why not? That's what it's for I guess," he said. "Here, catch!" And he tossed the keys to his daughter. "But be careful!"

"I will, I will! Thank you, Daddy," and with a flashing smile she quickly disappeared through the doorway.

"OF all things!" ejaculated Diane. "You're surely spoiling that girl. She just twists you around to suit herself. You give her everything on earth she wants. You certainly didn't bring up the rest of us that way."

"Well we saw what a poor job we'd done with the rest of you, so we decided to change our tactics," her father laughed teasingly. And then over his shoulder, "How about some of that orange juice for me?"

"There's plenty of it right in the refrigerator."

"But really, Mother," Diane continued, "how on earth do you expect Karen to marry a boy like Russ Stevens when she's used to everything her little heart desires? She'll demand a thirty thousand dollar home with all the furnishings, a new car every year, and clothes galore! I don't think it's right."

"I don't know. Karen's a sweet, sensible girl, and a very unselfish one."

"You certainly didn't give us the things you give her. I can't understand why you do it."

"We did the best we could for all of you. But you must remember that back in the depression and war days we didn't have the things that we have today."

"When will Russ be home from his mission?"

"In about a month. He has another week or ten days of missionary work in England, then he wants to take a short tour of the continent before coming home."

"And I suppose in spite of being only twenty and not through college she'll want to get married right away?"

"Oh, certainly. Don't they all these days? She was suggesting the other day that we go and select her wedding gown."

"If they had good sense they'd wait at least until Russ finishes college. Besides, she was just a kid when he left. How does she know they'll even like each other after all these months apart?"

Then, quickly changing the subject, Diane added, "I've simply got to be going!"

A FEW days later Mary saw the mailman from the kitchen window and went for the mail.

"Mother, is there a letter from Russ?" Karen's voice came from the living room where she had been industriously practicing on the electric organ.

"No, there doesn't seem to be any. And he's always so faithful."

Karen's eyes took on a deep concern as she quickly joined her mother.

"Maybe he's sick, or hurt, or something's wrong!"

"I don't imagine so," comforted Mrs. Lunford. "More likely he intrusted the mailing of his letter to another missionary, who put it in his pocket and promptly forgot it. It will probably be here tomorrow."

But it was a week later, a long, hard, worried week for Karen, before the expected letter arrived.

With a cry of joy she quickly opened it and avidly scanned its contents. A moment later her mother heard an exclamation which was somewhere between a cry and a groan, and her daughter dropped down on a nearby ottoman. Her face was pale. Her large, soft eyes gazed unseeingly across the room. The letter lay unheeded on the floor.

"Karen," Mary said softly, "is something wrong?"

Without a word she pointed to the letter on the floor. Mary picked it up and asked, "Shall I read it?"

Karen slowly nodded. Her tearless eyes seemed to be mutely crying out for help, like a wounded pet. Mary read:

Karen Dear,

You don't know how hard it is for me to write this letter, but it must be done. For several months now I've had the feeling that we've made a mistake. We're not meant for each other. I love you as a sister, a friend, the little kid next door who has been so sweet and wonderful to me, but not as a mate for life and all eternity.

Oh, Karen, I hope you'll not take this too hard. I've prayed and prayed about it, and now I know I'm right. Yes, there is someone else, although I have not yet told her of my intentions, as I felt that I had no right to do so. One of the lady missionaries by the name of Ann Farnsworth, from Los Angeles, has come to mean more and more to me through the months. Although I won't say anything to her while I'm on my mission, I am quite sure from her looks and actions that she feels the same. She is a wonderful girl, and means everything to me, Karen.

"I can't stand the thought of making you unhappy. But I'm sure you'll be sweet and sensible about this, as you always are. . . .

Well, this is it, Mary thought, not stopping to finish the few short remaining lines of the letter. This is the test that I knew had to come to her some day, in one way or another. Aloud she murmured her daughter's name.

"Karen." The one simple word expressed all the emotion of her mother heart, love, understanding, concern for the future, and a fierce desire to protect and keep her young from sorrow. Tears sprang to her eyes as she sank to her knees, and her arms enveloped her daughter in a gesture of comfort.

BUT Karen's eyes were dry. Almost calmly she pulled away from her mother and arose. All her life the girl had made a confidant of her mother, and had always come running for consolation and solace whether her grief was real or imagined. Now Mary knew that her comforting arms were not enough. This was something Karen had to meet and conquer by herself.

"Let's not talk about it now, Mother. I want to think." Taut and trembling, she walked to her room, where she sat miserable but tearless, gazing out of the window.

Oh, if she would only break down and cry! Mary thought to herself as she cautiously stood at the door looking into the girl's room. But if Karen heard her, she made no move whatever to signify that she knew her mother was there.

With the greatest of care, Mary prepared Karen's favorite luncheon dishes and took them on an attractive tray to her room.

"I don't want any lunch." Karen shook her head.

"Try to eat a few bites anyway. See I have your favorite salad and some hot muffins. It will make you feel better." Then, anticipating another refusal, she hastily added, "I'll just leave it here on the table." She felt that it was no time for preaching or even encouraging, but hastily set the tray down and left, feeling sure that Karen would succumb to the temptation of chicken salad, blueberry muffins, and the enticing milk-shake.

Later, when Mary picked up the tray, Karen was lying down with her eyes closed. But a goodly portion of the food had been consumed.

The next few weeks were difficult ones for all at the Lunford home. Tears now often relieved the girl's suffering, but she was nervous, cross, and temperamental. In spite of all that could be said to her in the spirit of love and comfort by her parents, she refused to accept the situation.

"But I love him! He's mine. I'm certain he's making a mistake. I'm sure God won't let this happen to me. Things will be different when he's home and sees me again. He still thinks of me as young, and doesn't realize I'm grown. I'm sure I can win him back!" In such phrases she constantly expressed her attitude, and refused to consider the reverse possibility.

"But perhaps God has other plans for you. This may be his will. Later, you may thank him fervently that you didn't marry Russ." Her mother and father tried to reason with her, and many examples were given her of people whose romances had been interrupted, who later were very happy that they had thus

been saved from a marriage which undoubtedly would have been a mistake.

They appealed to her pride. "You certainly don't want Russ if he doesn't want you. You can't throw yourself at him and demand that he marry you. It would only cheapen you in his eyes, and make him despise you."

"Mother, I don't think I have any pride left. I love him, and I want him more than anything in the world. I could stand poverty, sickness, anything — if I only had Russ. And I would be willing to do almost anything, or make any sacrifice to get him."

KAREN ate little, refused to see or talk with her friends, and only the loving patience of her mother, who continually endeavored to keep her busy and divert her mind, kept things on an even keel. All this was extremely trying and nerve-wracking on the elder Lunfords, who often would gladly have "turned her over the knee, and given her a good spanking," as Father Lunford expressed it, if it would have done any good.

Then one day they heard that Russ was home, and that he was to make his report at his ward sacrament meeting the following Sunday. But he did not attempt to contact Karen, and how thankful Mary was that he did not live next door, as he had before they moved to the new house.

That night as Mary went to bed, sleep seemed as a friend who had departed for a foreign shore. Hour after hour she lay awake, wondering, hoping, and praying. She heard the far-off whistle of the train, the rumble of trucks on the nearby highway, the bark of a dog, and an occasional roar of an airplane motor as it cut a swath through the stillness of the sky. And ever as an undertone there was the chatter of the grasshoppers and katydids as they gossiped together during the warm summer night. With the soft, wavering light of the early dawn, she fell asleep with the assurance in her heart that her prayers would be answered.

"Father," Mrs. Lunford said to her husband on Sunday morning, "at Karen's request we will fast today. We are to fast until after the sacrament meeting this evening, which we will attend at our old ward, where Russ will make his report. We are praying — not that she may have her own way in the matter, but that she may realize what is the Lord's will."

"Very well," replied Mr. Lunford. "I will fast with you."

IT has been said that it takes more than mere faith to perform a miracle, there must be a unity of faith, love, and understanding.

Karen dressed simply in white for the evening meeting, but she had never looked more beautiful or charming. They arrived just as the service was ready to start and quietly took their places.

Mary felt Karen's nerves go taut as she recognized Russ on the stand. As the service progressed, she gained a little more composure, but although she appeared outwardly calm, the girl was nervous and trembling.

Then, quite suddenly, as Russ was

about halfway through his report, Mary felt her daughter relax, and her breathing become slower and more steady. A quick glance at her face showed Mary, to her astonishment, that Karen was wearing a look of calmness and self-assurance. A sigh of relief almost escaped the mother's lips, as she, too, began to relax.

As soon as the meeting was over, Karen tranquilly walked up the aisle, followed by her parents, and joined the group waiting to congratulate and shake the hand of the newly returned missionary. Warmly, and with a smile, when her turn came, she held out her hand with perfect self-control.

"Congratulations, Russ," she said, "you did very well. I'm proud to be your friend." Then she simply walked on, without a backward glance, making room for the next in line.

"Mother," Karen said when they were once again at home, "you know something just came over me, all of a sudden, as I sat there listening to Russ talk. I just knew, as well as I ever knew anything, that he wasn't the man for me. He seemed like — well, almost like a stranger. And at once I didn't want him any more, I felt perfectly contented and happy.

"And now that matter is over and settled, didn't I hear you saying something the other day about my returning to the 'Y' this fall?"

Confidential

Ida Elaine James

The sudden flight, the song far on the hill,
The secret twilight haunts of whippoorwill;

The lacquered leaf, under first glint of sun—
Pearls on water that float to oblivion;

The scuttling insects, wind through the apple tree,
All hide their mystery from you and me:

All these, and more, intimately revealed
To a young stripling wandering far afield!

Interim

Grace Barker Wilson

Today I set out pansies in the box
Outside the door.
Tomorrow I'll plant hollyhocks.
Then two days more
Will give me time to trim the hedge,
And clip the lawn,
And take the sharpness from time's edge
While he is gone.

You Can Sew—II Marking, Pinning, and Basting

Jean Ridges Jennings

BEHIND every well-made, smart-looking dress or suit, is a long story of care—care taken in a succession of processes and steps that lead up to the successfully completed garment. Without meticulous attention to little details, few clothes will merit the "success" label.

Proper planning in anything you do is a "must." This holds true in sewing as with any other jobs to be done. Haphazard work wastes time and causes errors. Marking, pinning, and basting are three of the steps that are part of the care and planning needed in making fine clothes.

When all pieces have been cut out, the next step is to transfer to the fabric the various construction marks printed on the pattern—dart and pleat lines, buttonhole and pocket locations, top-of-sleeve mark, and so on. Get the habit of transferring all pattern markings accurately to your material, so you will know how to sew the various pieces together. Often a very slight deviation throws a whole dress out of line and causes untold trouble.

On most fabrics, a speedy and accurate method of marking is the use of dressmaker's tracing or carbon and a tracing wheel. Straight lines, such as darts, pleats, etc., are marked by using the tracing wheel against the edge of a firmly held ruler. Remember that carbon is used only on the wrong side of the material as it is not removable.

Place one piece of the tracing paper, colored side up, beneath the under layer of fabric. Place a second piece, colored side down between the top layer of fabric and the pattern piece. Trace over pattern lines with the wheel. Single points, such as the perforation making the sleeve top, are marked with two short crossed lines.

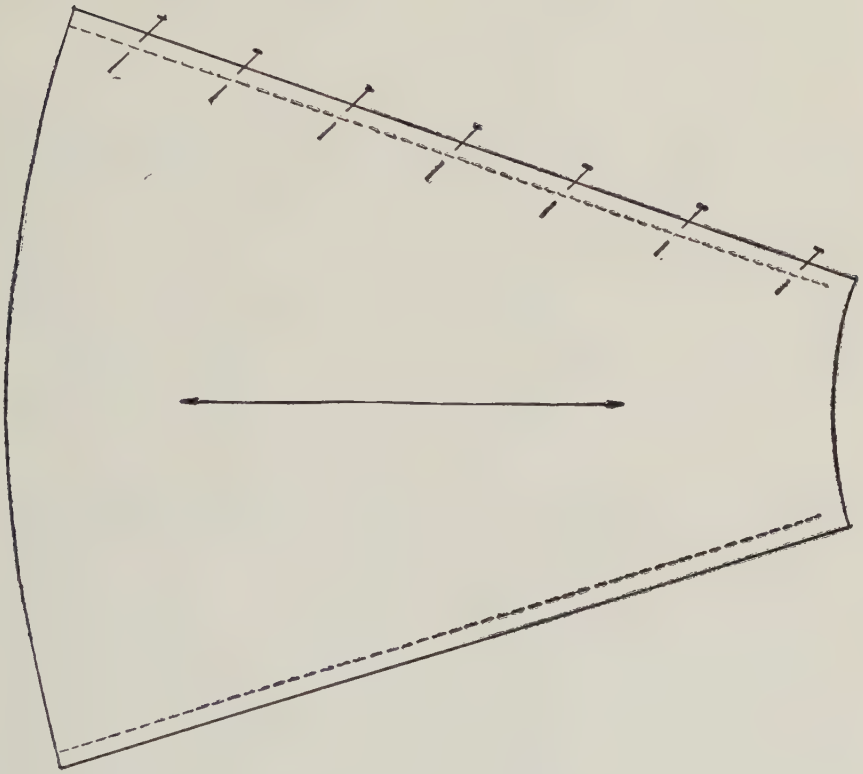
Some materials, such as heavy tweeds and loosely woven sheer woolens, may not mark clearly with the tracing wheel. On other lightweight or transparent fabrics, the markings will show through on the right side. For both these types of materials, tailor's tacks give a better mark. On all kinds of cloth when marks are needed on the right side, tailor's tacks should be used, since other methods may leave a spot that cannot be removed.

A chalked thread run through both layers of fabric at frequent intervals is a quick and easy method of indicating seam lines.

Make a line of long and short basting stitches of contrasting thread down the center front and center back of blouse and skirt sections to help as a fitting guide.

The less a garment is handled in the making, the better it will look when completed. Repeated stitching and picking out to remedy mistakes gives the cloth a worked-over look and detracts from its newness. Both time and effort can be saved in the end by taking more pains in the beginning with careful pining and basting to insure accurate machine stitching the first time.

Always work on a table as much as possible and keep material flat. Pin seams together with absolute accuracy at top and bottom and at



CORRECT PROCEDURE FOR PINNING ON LONG SEAMS

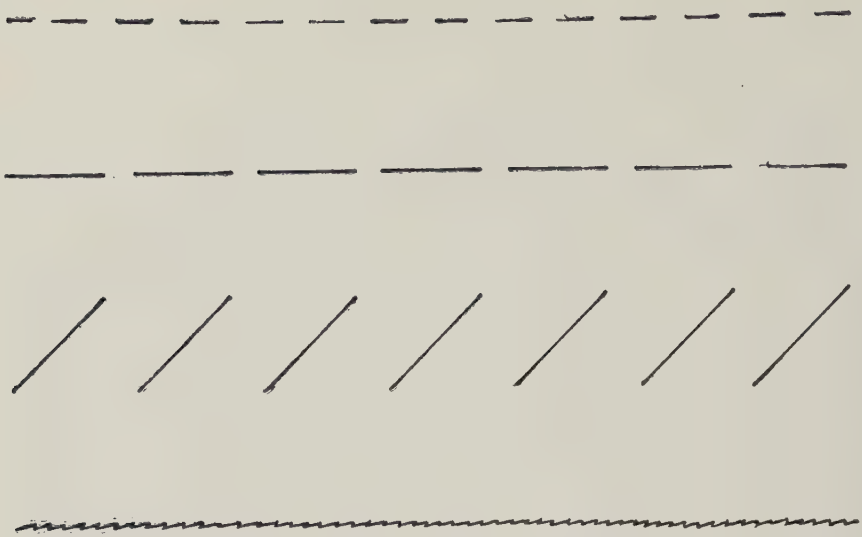
frequent intervals between. Put pins into material at right angles to the edge and on the seam line and they will not be in the way when stitching. Be extra careful of long seams and those on the bias.

Under the sewing machine presser foot one edge pushes along more than the other. Extreme care is needed to avoid having edges come out uneven.

Whether you pin and baste or just pin, depends on the type of material being sewed as well as the ability of the seamstress. Napped fabrics like velvet and velveteen crawl when being sewn. Sheers like chiffon stretch and slip. All of these materials need more basting than those with a firm weave and flat surface.

Basting, for most women, is a slow, unattractive process. But it can be speeded up in many cases by using the machine instead of doing it by hand. It is done by using the longest stitch on the sewing machine and sewing together, on the machine, the pieces to be basted after accurately pinning them in place. This is useful, not only to hold pieces together for fitting, etc., but also for marking.

When machine basting is used for marking, have thread of a contrasting color to show up plainly. When



BASTING PROCEDURES

(from top to bottom)

1. Hand basting, before fitting. Short, ¼ inch stitches.
2. Hand basting for marking, long and short stitches.
3. Diagonal basting, for interfacing and skirt linings.
4. Machine basting, using the longest stitch on the sewing machine.

basting for fitting, matching thread may be used. Then if no alterations are necessary, the basting thread may be left in or not as desired. If left in, the regular machine stitching is done over it.

In basting long seams preparatory to fitting dresses, machine basting is ideal. It is not only very quick, but holds the pieces together firmly to insure accuracy. If hand basting is used, care must be taken to have stitches close enough to hold sections together tightly.

Always remove bastings in short pieces by cutting thread at frequent intervals. This will avoid much wear and tear on cloth.

The Heart of the Home

Frances C. Yost

MARVILLA Weaver wiped the perspiration from her brow, and started another piece of clothing through the mangle. She wished little Marty would get out from underfoot. If she would only play outside until the mangling was done anyway.

In mother's day, Marvilla thought, when the wash was finally done, we could call it a day, but now, well, if I don't mangle the flat pieces why I can't possibly get the ironing finished on Tuesday. When the ironing isn't finished on Tuesday, then the mending isn't done on Wednesday, and the sewing and repairing aren't done on Thursday, and the baking isn't done on Friday, and the cleaning and shopping aren't done on Saturday, and things aren't ready for Sunday, and the whole week is behind.

Marvilla's thinking had completely exhausted her, but she started trying to push clothes through the mangle just a little faster, and started worrying about what to fix for supper. She should pick the peas in the garden for supper, but there wasn't time, and the beets just had to be pulled and pickled.

Marvilla's face knitted into a frown. She looked down at Marty, still lying underfoot. What is she doing, blowing hot air through a straw on my legs?

"Mommy doesn't it tickle your legs?" Marty asked.

"It surely does, and I wish. . . ." Marvilla's voice had an irritated tone.

"Then, if it tickles, why don't you laugh?" Marty's little four-year-old face seemed a mixture of disappointment and puzzlement.

Marvilla frowned, and raised her voice a little higher and replied, "Because I'm much too busy working, Marty, to take time to laugh."

Suddenly Marty bounced her little self from the floor at her mother's feet, and with arms akimbo said seriously, "You should never be too busy to laugh!" Then, turning, she fled from the room.

Marvilla, alone now in the utility room, pondered over the incident. What was she doing wrong? Surely she worked hard enough, she was busy every minute. Why she was a drudge, and she might as well admit it. Marvilla looked about her. She had things convenient, lots more so than her own mother had had. Her own mother had washed with a gas engine, and even before that with a hand agitator and hand wringer. Then on ironing day they had used the stove-heated irons. They had laughingly referred to them as sad-irons, but nobody had been sad when they used them. Each one of the girls had been proud to take her turn and finish a piece of clothing with never a sign of scorch. Marvilla had to admit things were complicated, too, before the electrical appliance age, but her mother had had something!

"What was it mother had that I haven't?" Marvilla asked herself. Mother certainly hadn't been a queen bee sitting on a throne while all the children, like worker bees, slaved about her. But she had been

sort of queenly. She had certainly been the center of the working-home operation. "What did mother have?" Marvilla repeated.

She pulled out the electric plug on the mangle and let it cool. "Well, I'm going to call it a day!" Why that was what mother used to say, when the big task of the day was finished. That meant that from then on, no matter what the family had to do, it would be classed as fun. . . .

* * * * *

"I DO declare that wash is a thing to be proud of!" Mother Martin said. "Everything's white that should be white, and the colored clothes remind one of a rainbow there with the blue sky behind. Well let's call it a day!"

All the little Martin children huddled about her and admired the beauty of their washline rainbow.

"Yes, let's call it a day!" the children chorused excitedly. "What are we going to do now, Mother?"

"How would you all like to piece a quilt? There are lots of nice pieces left from the school sewing, and we'll need more quilts when winter sets in." Mother Martin smiled happily.

"What pattern shall we make, Mother?" Rozilla queried. "How about the wedding-ring pattern, or the charm block?"

"Those are more difficult patterns. How about a good nine-patch, and all the children can thread their needles and help out!" Mother smiled as if she had just thought of going on a picnic or taking the family to the seashore.

"Yes, let's make the nine-patch, so's we can all sew!" little Marvilla shouted.

Suddenly everyone was busy, cutting, sewing, and resting tired feet after the difficult task of washing. The hard work of ironing tomorrow was a distant thing in the future and too far away even to worry about.

Remembering, Marvilla knew other days when the children gathered around mother in the little armless rocker, and they shelled peas or cleaned gooseberries or learned how to crochet. Everyone enjoyed the task at hand and the conversation, and little jokes and funny experiences they shared were still alive in memory. Marvilla could still recall a story mother told about their own home, when all of the girls had dresses and the boys had shirts out of red plaid. Grandfather had purchased a whole bolt of material because it was such a good buy!

There were times when the children would promise to shell peas extra fast, if mother would read to them. Each little child had a chance to sit close to mother and read the little words with mother coming in with the pronunciation of the harder ones. Nobody was wondering why Johnny couldn't read in those days. Because Johnny was reading, almost every day. . . .

* * * * *

"I KNOW what mother had!" Marvilla said aloud. "Mother had a heart. Mother had a heart for her work and a heart for her children. Mother wasn't a slave picking up after little people and shooing them out of the house to keep it clean. Mother was the heart of her home. Each of the members of the family was part of the circulatory system. Father was, of course, the main artery. He carried the heaviest load, but everyone was

contributory, running here and there, bringing and fetching, working swiftly and pleasantly, and always feeling essential.

Marvilla shut her eyes, and remembered one day when as a little girl she had washed dozens of bottles for canning simply because mother had praised her and said that she was the only one who had a tiny enough hand to get right down in the bottles and polish and shine them properly. How important she had felt!

Marvilla remembered, too, how she had gone ahead of mother with her little cloth on cleanup day and mopped. She must have been a nuisance, but mother hadn't ever let her know it. She had heard nothing but praise for her efforts.

Mother had taught them religion without seeming to preach. She had shared their confidences and their heartaches. Why, when she was a teen, her friends had said they wished they could talk to their mothers the way Marvilla could. Marvilla couldn't remember getting a letter from a boy friend that she hadn't shared, at least in part, with her mother. And after dates she would sit on the bed and Mom would listen to everything, the good times, and the heartache times, and they would laugh or cry together as the experience merited.

"I want to be the heart of my home, like Mom." Marvilla said aloud. "I want to be a successful mother. I must gather my children around me now while they are little. Not shoo them away. Dear God, help me to make a new start before it's too late. Today I have let my Marty leave me, because I was too busy, too busy to be interesting to her. Dear Heavenly Father, give me the courage and the strength to be the heart of my home."

For a few minutes Marvilla let her tired head rest on the mangle top. Then from somewhere the courage and the strength came. It was as if her own heart had suddenly received a new flow of energy. With co-operative energy sprinkled with a bit of humor and topped with a whipped-cream smile, Marvilla went out of the back door.

Just then Marty rushed to the door excitedly. "Mother, Jerry and Jimmy are fighting again!"

Marvilla put her arm lovingly out to Marty. "I'm calling it a day. I've put the mangle away. Now Jerry and Jimmy and you and I are going to have some fun! I want to tell you about Peter Piper and his pickled peppers."

Marvilla took Marty's chubby little hand in hers and together they walked into the yard.

"Momie's going to tell us about Peter Piper's pickled peppers," Marty shouted.

Jerry and Jimmy came running to where Marvilla and Marty had dropped on the lawn under the maple tree.

"Who can say Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers?" Marvilla laughed.

All three little Weavers started trying, but their laughter made it difficult.

"Shall we make some pickles?" Marvilla asked.

"We don't have any peppers?" Jerry said.

"I know some magic. I think if we all try we can make pickles out

of beets from our own garden," Marvilla said mysteriously.

"Oh, I know, pickled beets." Jim and Jerry laughed.

Marvilla laughed with the children. It was good to laugh. She had been too serious, too tense in her role as a mother. But she was going to try to make working together fun.

"Now, let's see, we need two big strong fellows to dig beets, a whole bucket full of them, and wash them under the sprinkler," Marvilla said coyly.

"We're big and strong!" Jim and Jerry shouted.

"We need one person, with a real small hand to fit into the bottles and shine them properly." Marvilla winked at Jim and Jerry.

"My hands are little enough to go into a bottle!" Marty offered excitedly.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" Marvilla asked gayly. "We'll have a peck of pickled beets by the time Daddy comes home!"

The three children went their ways, like little circulatory veins going out from the heart, but they would hurry back to the heart of their home!

My Babies

Blanche B. Peterson

EACH child of mine was a little bundle of accomplishments from other worlds, holding within its tiny soul the possibilities of worlds to come.

I remember the first one that came to me. I placed its little fist against my face while tears ran down my cheeks in gratitude to God, knowing that I was partner with him in so fine a thing. A great adventure truly had been mine.

And every time I walked the path again, I walked with pride down through the valley with my head held high. I marveled at the gift that would be mine and wondered how the child would take the things of earth; what virtues would she make a part of her, or would he be master of the things he met? Would he have the strength and courage of a truly gentle man?

Then when I reached the door where none could go save me and that Great Attendant who is consoler at all earth's travails, my heart beat fast with great anticipation and joy came to me as to one who sees the finish of her task in sight, and I was glad to pay whatever price to gain my prize.

Now that they are grown, these babies of mine, my joy hangs on their every word and deed. I ask no greater blessing than that they will take my hand and lead me to a higher plane and christen me with that most gracious name, "Mother."

True Sight

Mabel Law Atkinson

Let my eyes see beyond the broken gate
The perfect lily,
And my heart feel through strains of dissonance
The patterned rhythm.

To Have the Peace

Betty Ventura

AS the second-class bus joggled and jerked down the narrow, dusty road, Lola peered out anxiously, her black eyes seeking their first glimpse of the familiar long row of pepper trees. Only seven weeks away from her home in Santiago, but how good it would be to see Mama and Papa and the little ones again! She had never been away from them for so long.

When Tia Rosita's time had drawn near, it had been decided that Lola should be sent to care for her, back in the little hill town of Milpa, and to care for Tia Rosita's six children and Uncle Carlos. It would mean hard work, for Milpa was a tiny place, hardly a town at all, where women and girls still washed their clothes in the stream, and where the corn for each family's *tortillas* was ground out by hand on a stone *metate*. For Lola it would mean long hours of grinding corn and cooking, and washing and ironing, and looking after six little cousins.

But Lola was sixteen, with smaller brothers and sisters of her own, and maturity was expected of her. Had she not learned to pat out firm round *tortillas* in her own home, to cook and help Mama with the little ones, and with Carlos who was ten? So sixteen-year-old Lola had been sent to Milpa, to perform the tasks of a woman.

But now Tia Rosita was better; the new black-headed baby boy grew fatter and fatter. And Lola could go home!

And, oh, what stories she would tell the little ones! Her dark eyes sparkled at the thought. All about the little white-faced burros which went bouncing up and down the hills of Milpa. About the day the goats climbed up the low thatched roof of Tia Rosita's little adobe house, and how all the cousins helped chase them down again. About funny little Milpa itself: rows of brown adobe houses, not painted white like those in Santiago, and the narrow donkey trails which were the streets, and no stores or schools or electric lights, not even a big church.

And then Lola would tell the little ones, and Mama and Papa, too, about Mario, the boy who knew so many games for the cousins, who could tell time by the stars, who knew ever so many things about animals and flowers, the boy who had helped her so much when her back grew tired from grinding corn and there were still so many tasks undone. Mario had even washed clothes in the stream with her, something no boy in all Santiago would do. There were so many things, good things, to tell about Mario. Perhaps that is why she was so anxious to get home.

Suddenly, there lining the road ahead were the pepper trees, and then reaching out to meet them the cobblestone street of Santiago; then rows of white-washed adobe houses, and the plaza where the bus stopped. And there in the bright sun of the plaza were Papa and Mama and the brothers and sisters.

"Papa, Mama! Maria has grown

taller. Carlos, I can ride a burro now, even when he runs. Oh, and I bring you all sweet tuna fruit and many greetings from Tia Rosita."

All was laughter and Lola knew how good, how wonderful it was to be with her family again.

* * * * *

IN the days that followed, the stories of Milpa were told many times over. During the day Lola worked in her cousin's bakery, but in the evenings the little ones gathering about her would say, "Tell us again about the goats." Or the *burritos*. Or, knowing what she liked best, "Tell us about Mario." And Lola would retell the seven weeks of her life in Milpa.

Later, after family prayer, when the little ones were asleep, Lola and her parents would sit around the rough kitchen table, her father as always with his Church books before him, and she would tell them more of Mario.

"I tried to tell him of the religion too," she had said. "And he listened. He said he will come to the Mutual when he can."

Her parents looked at this daughter of theirs, suddenly so serious, so nearly a woman.

"He will like the Mutual classes," said Mama.

"And you can give him tracts of the missionaries."

"I . . . I do not think he reads." Lola lowered her eyes. "He has no books in his house."

There were many who could not read, especially in the smaller towns, in the Mexico of a decade or so ago. Lola's own father did not learn until he came to Santiago as a young man. And now he took in his hand a Church book every night, and he knew more than anyone about the religion.

Papa smiled kindly at his daughter's crestfallen look. "It is no disgrace to be an *iletreado*, without learning. One can listen and one can remember. I want to meet this Mario. I hope he comes soon to the Mutual."

A week passed, and then another, and late in the afternoon of the third Tuesday Mario arrived, his black pants dusty from the long ride, his big sombrero slanting forward on his head. From her cousin's bakery Lola saw him crossing the plaza, stocky and square-shouldered, his face very brown in the shadow of the big hat, and her heart pounded as she walked out to meet him.

"*Buenas tardes*, Lola." Under the wide brim, Mario's warm smile was the same. "I am sorry I could not come before. We have started the planting of the corn."

They walked to her home and Mario met Lola's mother and two little sisters who stood staring at him with their big dark eyes, unable to utter a single sound. Mario at first was shy, but he soon began conversing with Mama and answering her questions about Tia Rosita's family.

Later, Papa, Lola, and Mario went to Mutual and in the tiny chapel they sang hymns together and listened to the lesson. To Lola every word now seemed important, the words of every song, and she felt a sweet contentment at the clear explanations given by the tall missionary teacher, Elder Lewis. Surely

Mario could feel the same spirit as she!

Afterwards, they walked home down the dimly lit streets and Mario told her father about Milpa and his work there. It reminded Papa of his own boyhood, the same hard life working stubborn, rocky land with a wooden plow. He felt a great sympathy for this boy who, like himself, had grown up without education and without opportunity. The gospel could do so much for him.

Mama, staying at home with the little ones, had prepared hot milk and sweet bread for them. As they sat around the table Lola thought how kind her parents were, how encouraging and sympathetic. Afterwards, Mario left for the plaza where he would await the bus that would take him back to Milpa by sunup.

THE weeks passed and almost every Tuesday Mario came. Sometimes the second-class bus was early, sometimes very late, for being old and rickety, breakdowns were frequent. Yet Mario never complained. And he seemed to enjoy the Mutuals. During the programs and games he laughed and frolicked with the better-dressed young people of Santiago. But in the quiet of the class period his shyness returned, and he would take no part in the lessons.

Lola, seated at his side, knew he listened carefully to all that was said, but when Elder Lewis asked a question he would only shake his head and drop his eyes. Walking home afterwards, Mario and Papa talked about many subjects, the rainfall, the corn, or the government's new program for distributing land. Once Papa explained carefully about President Camacho's plan to set up night schools and outdoor centers in the small towns where adults might learn to read. "Each one must teach one," Papa had said would be their slogan. But the subject of religion was never mentioned.

Conference came in July and Mario was able to come to the Sunday meeting. The little chapel was almost full and even the mission president was there from Mexico City. From her place in the choir, Lola watched Mario. Every talk, every testimony must be for him, she prayed. After the meeting, as she made her way through the congregation she saw Elder Lewis standing at Mario's side, his hand on his shoulder.

The missionary was handing him a copy of The Book of Mormon, and she heard him say, "Read it, Mario, and pray that you may understand and believe what you read."

Embarrassment flooding his face, Mario took the book and said in a low voice, "Gracias, Elder Lewis."

IN the fall as harvest time came on, Mario's visits became more infrequent. Lola's parents could not help but notice how quiet she became those Tuesdays that he was not there. She would walk in silence at her father's side. How different from the happy chatter of other days! If one of the member boys spoke to her, she would pause and chat in friendliness, then turn away, ready to walk home with her father.

Perhaps it was seeing this, this change of a happy girl into a sober

young woman, that made Papa, who never interferred, never gave advice when it was not sought, speak to her one evening. He told her of his own life, how as a young man, newly married, he became interested in the Church. How his friends laughed at him, ridiculed him, and eventually left him. How through it all he and Mama found happiness and strength in their own home, in their love of the gospel. How, later, they had helped build up the tiny branch of the Church in Santiago from among other acquaintances, new friends.

Lola from her own childhood remembered the lonely years when they had been the only members in Santiago.

"To Mama and me the religion is more than just a church to go to. It is our life together and with our children. And no matter what others do or say to hurt us, for us it is to have the peace."

Lola, knowing the great concern and love that lay behind her father's words, felt tears well into her eyes, and she could only answer, "Si, Papa, I know."

All week long Lola thought of her father's words, thought of what her family and home meant. Their prayers together, their talks about the Church, the differences between them and their neighbors.

On Tuesday Mario came again. Elder Lewis gave the lesson. He asked Mario a question, something Lola knew he could answer, but as before Mario shook his head and remained silent.

That night as they walked home Papa and Mario talked of many things. To Lola it was as though, the Mutual lesson over, Mario could turn his thoughts to more important subjects. After all, was he really interested in the religion?

As they arrived home and her father entered the house, Mario stopped Lola.

"What is wrong? You have hardly spoken. Are you angry with me?

Disturbed and upset, Lola could only shake her head.

"Lola, please tell me if I have done anything wrong. I could not bear to have you angry with me."

All the strain and restless worry of the past days rose up in her and Lola cried out, "Oh, Mario, to us the religion is so important. If only . . . if only you could study the books like Papa."

There was hurt in Mario's gentle eyes. "I'm sorry I do not know how." And he was gone.

He did not come the next week nor the next. The sisters and brothers asked and asked about him, until Mama, finally, hushed them up and told them they must not bother Lola any more.

A month went by, and another. The summer had ended and the harvesting was long past. Lola tried to have faith during their family prayers and in her own prayers, but, afterwards, when she lay for hours staring up into the darkness, the doubts came again. She wondered if she would ever see him again. They had never spoken of love, not even of a serious understanding between them, but she knew how deep was her love for him. How could she have spoken so cruelly!

When the farm work was over and the coldness of the dry season had set in, two night classes were started in Santiago, and sometimes

in the plaza Lola would see the volunteer teachers, their blackboards in hand, getting on the buses. She wanted to ask if they ever went to Milpa, or near there, but she did not dare. Milpa somehow had become another world.

The weather turned very cold and on Tuesday nights Papa and Lola would almost run through the streets to Mutual. Was it because those same streets had once been so full of warmth and happiness that they now seemed so cold?

ONE night when they came late from Mutual, Mama was standing in the doorway. "Lola," she called out, "Mario is here. The bus had trouble, but he walked."

Lola ran down the shaft of light into the open door. There stood Mario, his clothing streaked with dust, but his eyes shining as she had never seen them shine before.

"Lola," he said, taking her cold hand into his warm, brown one, "how are you? I am sorry that I have come so late. But I want to . . . I have to show you tonight."

In his hand was a package wrapped in a piece of cloth.

They all sat down at their usual places at the table, and Mario laid the package in front of them. Carefully he unwrapped the cloth. It was The Book of Mormon the missionary had given him. Lola felt a swelling within her chest.

Opening the book, Mario leaned forward, his eyes gleaming, his broad fingers turning the leaves, seeking the page and line. Then he looked up and his smile was all for Lola. He began reading: "I Nephi, having been born of goodly parents. . . ."

Slowly, hesitatingly, the soft Spanish words came out like those of a child who reads a lesson for a teacher. Lola felt that she would burst from within. Tears of gratitude came to her eyes.

". . . having had a great knowledge of the goodness and the mysteries of God, therefore I make a record. . . ."

How wonderfully the words sounded, from Mario. Lola looked at her parents, at her father, the tears running down his cheeks, and saw reflected in their eyes the same pride that was in her own.

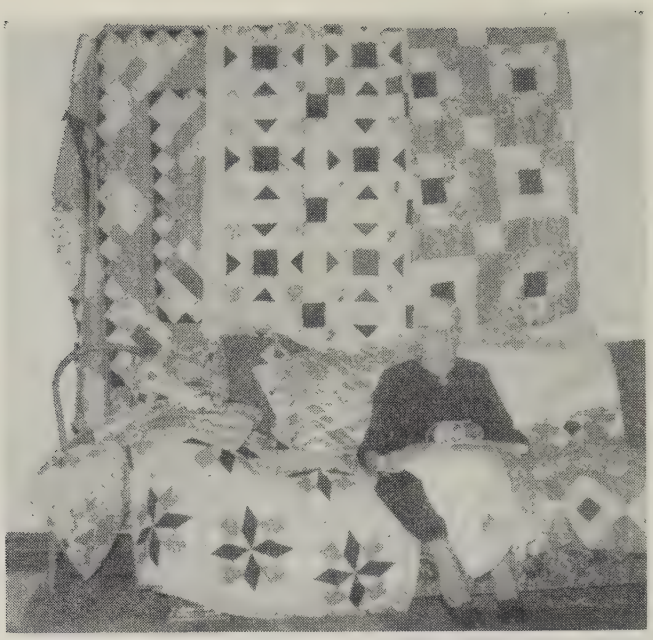
How many hours, how many patient, lonely hours Mario must have spent with his books and his candle.

Looking at her parents, then at Mario, she thought, we, too, will have the happiness. Like Papa and Mama, we, too, will have the peace.

Spring Sabbath

Dorothy J. Roberts

Now the white word of blossoms
Is syllabled upon the grass.
Over the lawn, their substance
Like a white cloud is broken,
And the green halo of leaf and spear
Circles the zone of spring.



Sarah A. Sanders Makes Quilts For Contentment

SARAH A. Sanders of LaVerkin, Utah, has found that her hobby of quiltmaking brings contentment to her and comfort and joy to her friends and relatives. She has made, without assistance, more than one hundred large quilts and more than a hundred quilts for children's beds. She has lost count of the number of Relief Society quilts which she has helped to make in her long years of active membership in the society. She was ward Relief Society president for seven and a half years, and has been a visiting teacher for over fifty years, besides holding teaching and executive positions in the Primary and Sunday School.

Now, at the age of eighty-one, Mrs. Sanders counts her lovely family as her choicest blessings. She has nine children, forty-two grandchildren, and fifty-eight great-grandchildren.

The Green Day

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

Where recently lay the winter snow,
New grasses grow,
Leaf-winged and emerald—
Sprung from their chrysalis sleep;
Slender, ephemeral,
The green day comes alive;
While harmonies of song and movement thrive,
Yielding a crop of splendor
For the eyes to reap.

Elizabeth's Children

Olive W. Burt

Chapter 4

Synopsis: When her sister Elizabeth died, Carol Wilson, unmarried, felt a responsibility towards Elizabeth's children. Several months later she left her work as an artist for a magazine edited by Brent Gibson, and returned to her sister's home, hoping to comfort the children. However she found them well cared for.

IT was a hilariously happy group that piled out of the station wagon and romped into the big living room. Carol, coming back from her walk, paused at the edge of the yard to watch. Fred saw her standing there and shouted, "Come on in, Carol. Extend the welcoming hand!"

Carol came quickly, crossed the porch to the woman standing beside Fred. "Mrs. Graham! It's wonderful to see you again!"

"Carol! You get lovelier every time I see you!" Dolly Graham regarded Carol with bright, friendly eyes. Then, "You've never met my brother, have you? I'm almost afraid to introduce him to such a lovely girl — he's so impressionable. But then —" she laughed gaily, "Carol, this is Tony." She turned to her brother, "Carol is Elizabeth's sister."

"And an added attraction to the Wyoming scene!" Tony laughed.

He was tall and slim, black-haired and keen-faced, very handsome and, Carol thought, very young.

"You need have no fears for Tony," Fred chuckled. "Carol's a girl that sees nothing in men excepting as business associates."

"Well," Tony parried cheerfully, "I'll be her business associate any day. What enterprise can we start, Carol? Anything you say goes."

Carol had to laugh. She felt lighthearted and gay. In fact, the whole atmosphere of the ranch house seemed to have grown brighter with the advent of these two pleasant people

Inside the house, Dolly ran to Mrs. Trent and gave her a swift, affectionate hug and kiss.

"Mother Trent!" she whispered gently. "I've thought of you so much! I so wished I could have been here when Elizabeth died. But I'm home now—and it is good! Good!"

Mrs. Trent's face was flushed with happiness. The frail hands clung to Dolly Graham's arm. "I'm so glad, so very glad, Dolly!"

Then Mrs. Cartwright came bustling in and was introduced. And Dolly Graham, with the air of one who had a right to comment, said, "Fred tells me you're a wonderful help, Mrs. Cartwright. And seeing the children and Mrs. Trent and the house — I know he's right. I am so grateful they've had someone like you to look after them!"

Carol turned away, blinking smarting eyes. The housekeeper, the hired housekeeper, was praised for taking care of Elizabeth's children! Well, in all fairness, she deserved praise. And what had Elizabeth's sister done? Nothing—nothing but worry and wait.

"Aunt Dolly;" Trudy was tugging at the woman's skirt, "Aunt Dolly, what did you bring me?"

"Trudy!" Mrs. Trent reprimanded, a little sharply. "We don't ask questions like that!"

"I do, Grandma!" Trudy said stoutly. "I ask."

Dolly Graham chuckled and lifted the child in her arms. "And Aunt Dolly will answer any question you ask her, Trudy, darling. But not right now. Let's eat our good dinner first, shall we? You know Uncle Tony and Aunt Dolly are hungry." She looked at the other children over Trudy's golden curls. "We'll have dinner and then we'll all see what's in the big present-box. How's that?"

The dinner, as usual, was delicious, but the children were too excited and curious to do it justice. Tony, seated next to Carol, was attentive and charming, full of gay jokes and bright quips. Once she turned her blue eyes full upon his handsome, teasing face and asked, mischievously, "Whatever did you do with all your charm in the mission field?"

He sobered instantly and said quietly, "I used it to the best advantage — not for me, but for the Church."

"Tell me some of your experiences," Carol begged.

"Sometime I'd like to tell you all of them," Tony said, a smile chasing away that serious look.

Trudy pushed aside her plate and said, "I'm through. It's after dinner now, Aunt Dolly!"

Dolly Graham laughed goodnaturedly. "I'll bet you will want a big supper, but that will be all right. Tony, bring in the present-box, will you?"

Tony grinned assent and went out to the station wagon. Mrs. Cartwright set up a folding table in the middle of the room, and Tony placed a huge box upon it. The children crowded around, their eyes wide, their voices shrill with excitement.

"Now, children!" Mrs. Trent admonished, "try to act just a little bit civilized, won't you?"

THEY didn't seem to hear her. Carol stooped and picked up Trudy, intending to hold her high so she could see over the heads of the others. But the little girl squirmed out of her aunt's arms and wriggled between Kathy and Steve to stand with her small dimpled chin just over the table's edge. Tony, unwrapping the big box, leaned across and tweaked the little girl's upturned nose, and Trudy giggled ecstatically.

Tony took care to leave the wrappings in such a position that the contents of the box could not be seen.

"The first shall be last and the last shall be first!" chanted Dolly Graham. "Is that okay with all concerned?"

"Yes! Yes!" cried the children, eager to be about the business of the day.

Dolly Graham drew out a beautifully wrapped box and handed it to Trudy. "For the darlingest four-year-old in Wyoming!" she said.

Trudy's small fingers fumbled with the ribbons. Carol wanted to reach down and help her, but after the unconscious rebuff of a moment

ago, she hesitated. Becky's glance was swiveling from Trudy to the box, unwilling to miss Trudy's gift, yet eager for her own.

"I have an idea," Dolly Graham said. "Each one can open her gift and show it to the others before the next one is handed out. How will that be? Then we can all enjoy all of them."

"Good idea!" Tony exclaimed. "Trudy, honey, let Aunt Carol help you with those strings."

So Carol was drawn into it. She stopped and carefully slipped the ribbon from the box, thumbed up the cellophane tape that held the paper, and revealed a white box.

"You can open this yourself, Trudy," she said, and handed the box to the child.

Trudy jerked off the lid and squealed with delight. Inside was a rosy, chubby, baby doll.

"That's a sweet little Pupchen from Germany," Dolly Graham said. "Do you like her, Trudy?"

"Oh, I love her! I love her!" And Trudy squeezed the doll to her heart.

One by one the children received their gifts: a French little-girl doll for Becky; a Queen Elizabeth doll for Kathy; a Spanish lace shawl for Mrs. Trent; a book of foreign recipes for Mrs. Cartwright; French perfume for Carol.

Carol knew, of course, that her present came from the extra gifts any wise traveler brings home for just such an emergency. Dolly Graham hadn't known she would be here. But the perfume was presented with such an air of having been selected on purpose for its recipient, that Carol felt a warm glow of affection toward this woman, even though she, of all people, seemed the one who might take Carol's place in the hearts of Elizabeth's children.

They had saved Fred's gift to the very last. Now Dolly handed it to him — a flat, rectangular package. They all watched as he unwrapped it to expose a book — an album of some sort. He opened it, and the expression of surprised delight was reward enough for the thought and care that had gone into its making.

HE looked up at Dolly Graham. "Dolly!" Emotion choked him. "This is the very best, the most wonderful gift you could have brought me."

The woman smiled happily. "Yes, we took time to visit your mission field in Virginia. The saints there still remember you with the greatest affection, Fred. They went all out to help Tony get the pictures."

Fred held the album out to Carol. "Look, Carol! That's Sister Hendry — the most wonderful woman! Look at her eyes!"

Carol looked at the photograph, a color print of an elderly, white-haired woman with the most remarkable blue eyes she had ever seen. The whole expression on the serene old face was one of benevolence and saintliness.

"It's been fifteen years!" Fred breathed. "It was before I married Elizabeth. But she looks exactly the same as she did the day I baptized her." He turned to Dolly Graham. "I'm not going to try to thank you, Dolly. Some things are beyond thanks."

Carol walked slowly to the wide window and looked out at the tow-

(*Continued on page 276*)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

Photograph submitted by Loleta W. Dixon

WEST UTAH STAKE, PROVO SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS OVER EIGHTY YEARS OLD HONORED AT CHRISTMAS PARTY

December 17, 1957

Front row, seated, left to right: Bertha P. Ross (eighty-two); Emma Hansgen (ninety-nine); Mary Ann Dayton (eighty-three); Mercy Ellen Peay (ninety-two).

Second row, standing, left to right: Harriet O. Redden (eighty); Marilla L. Jacobsen (eighty); Olive Mills (eighty-two); Nellie J. Henrichsen (eighty); Melissa M. Lewis (eighty-three); Hannah J. Cardall (eighty-three).

Absent when the picture was taken were: Marcia A. Jolley (eighty-three); Maude N. Peay (eighty-two); Areta S. Johnson.

Loleta W. Dixon, President, West Utah Stake Relief Society, reports: "The Provo Second Ward Relief Society boasts thirteen sisters all eighty years old or over. This is believed to be a record for any one ward. They were honored at the Relief Society Christmas party December 17, 1957. Four of the number gave parts on the program:

Melissa M. Lewis gave a retold story; Olive Mills and Nellie J. Henrichsen sang two duets 'Silver Threads Among the Gold,' and 'Whispering Hope'; Hannah J. Cardall gave a Christmas story. Mildred Furse sang 'Passing By,' and 'The Holy City.' Elma Thatcher read 'The Twelfth Night,' and Grace M. Stone gave a beautiful and fitting tribute to our 'young' eighty-year-olds. They were presented with flowers and had their pictures taken. They were all radiant and bubbling with fun. Everyone agreed it was a beautiful day.

"Our 'young' sisters are still keen and alert in mind, although some of their bodies are failing."

Photograph submitted by Helen H. Hawkins

SPANISH FORK STAKE (UTAH) WARD SEWING LEADERS WEARING DRESSES MADE IN RELIEF SOCIETY SEWING PROJECT

In front, left to right: Bernice Bylund (Fifth Ward); Kathleen Nelson (Ninth Ward).

Back row, standing, left to right: Marie Christensen (Salem Second Ward); Tressa Johnson (Thistle); Irma Taylor (Salem Ward); Phyllis Christensen, stake work meeting leader; Hazel Beddoes (Salem Second Ward); Donna Carter (Salem Ward).

LaJuan Carter of the Twelfth Ward was absent when the picture was taken.

Sister Phyllis Christensen reports: "These women are leaders of a two-year sewing course. They are taking the course through the instruction of Geneviev Poulson. The course goes on for two years and is usually given in the spring and fall. It starts by making a cotton blouse, cotton dress, best dress, and coat. Up to date the women have just finished making the cotton dress. Now they will take this dress back to the wards where women in the wards will have the opportunity of learning these sewing techniques. Some of the women in the wards have never sewed before. The picture was taken because the dresses the leaders are wearing are the ones they have just completed."

Sister Phyllis Christensen, stake work meeting leader, organized this group, with representatives from the various wards in the stake.

Helen H. Hawkins is president of Spanish Fork Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Isabella P. Walton

SOUTH BEAR RIVER STAKE (UTAH) CHRISTMAS DEMONSTRATION AT UNION MEETING

Isabella P. Walton, President, South Bear River Stake Relief Society, reports: "This is a picture of a Christmas demonstration given in connection with our December leadership meeting. There were seven departments: Christmas gifts; Christmas decorations; aprons, handkerchiefs; candies, cookies and cakes; gift wrappings; and one table of articles made by our stake work meeting leader. The table in the foreground is the serving table from which were served light refreshments. Aside from the regular attendance at union meeting, there were many other sisters who attended and viewed the lovely displays."

Photograph submitted by Luella C. Ricks

TACOMA STAKE (WASHINGTON) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, October 1957

Seated, center in the front row: Ramona Stapp, director; Lillian Terry, pianist; June Broomhead, organist.

Luella C. Ricks is president of Tacoma Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by May Rene Goul

SAN FERNANDO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, October 15, 1957

Front row, beginning seventh from the left, stake officers: Geneva Hart, Work Director Counselor; Arlene Keyser, chorister; May Rene Goul, President, San Fernando Stake Relief Society; De Vonne Clarke, Education Counselor; Beth Johnston, organist.

CENTRAL STATES MISSION ACHIEVES 100 PER CENT IN BOOK OF MORMON READING PROJECT

May Dyer, President, Central States Mission Relief Society, reports: "The Central States Mission reached a noteworthy goal in The Book of Mormon reading project for the past year. At the beginning of the year, Sister Dyer issued a challenge to each of the nine district presidents of Relief Society, to obtain a greater participation in Book of Mormon reading. The response to this objective was most gratifying, with every enrolled member (a total of 1062) completing the assignment. In addition, thirty others also fulfilled the assignment. Of significant interest is the fact that 673 members of Relief Society read the entire Book of Mormon during the year. The nine district presidents deserve special mention for their work in following through on this project:

Arkansas—Mable Griffin
Kansas—Marie Moore
West Oklahoma—Miriam Hammell
East Oklahoma—Katherine Vaclaw
Northwest Missouri—Luella Hanson
Southeast Missouri—Pauline Britton
East Missouri—Lorene Tidlund
Southwest Missouri—Ruth Wintle
Central Kansas—Dorothy Clay

"It is felt that the success of this project has made our sisters more conscious of the need of future study of the standard works of the Church."

Sacred Selections

THREE PART CHORUSES FOR LADIES

..... BRIDGE BUILDER—Dougall .... .20
..... CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART—Mueller ..... .20
..... FORTH IN THY NAME, O LORD—Madsen ..... .20
..... GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS—Roma ..... .20
..... GRANT ME, DEAR LORD, DEEP PEACE OF MIND—Stickles..... .20
..... LET THE MOUNTAINS SHOUT FOR JOY—Stephens ..... .20
..... LORD'S PRAYER—Gates ..... .20
..... MY SOUL IS ATHIRST FOR GOD—Madsen ..... .20
..... O DIVINE REDEEMER—Gounod .25
..... TWENTY-THIRD PSALM—Malotte ..... .22
..... VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS—Scott ..... .22

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Salt Lake City 11, Utah

Please send the music indicated above.
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☐ Money Enclosed

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Daynes Music Company
15 E. 1st South
15 NORTH UNIVERSITY, PROVO Salt Lake City 11, Utah

Elizabeth's Children

(*Continued from page 200*)

ering peaks that always seemed to quiet her troubled thoughts. That was the perfect gift for Fred. It was something that she, Carol, would never have thought of. It showed, as did everything Dolly Graham did, a keen sensitivity to the needs of this family. Carol thought, I could have selected the children's presents all right. I know what they like. But Fred's — I would never, never have thought of that!

During the following week it seemed to Carol that Dolly Graham and her brother were constantly on hand. Either the Trents and Carol were all piled into the station wagon and driven over to the Graham ranch for dinner or a swim in the pool there, or Dolly and Tony came up in their own big convertible to spend an evening at the Trent's, or to carry Fred and Carol off to the neighboring village to a Church meeting or a picture show.

Tony never gave Carol a chance to feel out of things. He was constantly at her side, attentive, gay, admiring. Sometimes Carol wondered whether this was simply a maneuver to give Fred and Dolly a chance to be together, or whether Tony really cared as much for her as he appeared to. But when such doubts disturbed her, one look into the frank brown eyes dispelled them. Tony Muir did like her, and was beginning to more than like her. Carol couldn't help seeing that.

On Friday evening Dolly and Tony had dinner at Fred's. Afterward the whole crowd, including even Mrs. Trent and Mrs. Cart-

wright, were playing a new marble game Tony had brought from the East. It was simple enough for Trudy to hold her own, yet exciting enough to send them all off into gales of laughter or shouts of warning. The hilarity was at its height when the telephone rang.

Fred answered, and turned to Carol. "It's for you."

SHE went to the phone and felt her heart leap as she heard Brent Gibson's calm, steady voice. "Hi, there, Carol. How's everything?"

"Fine! Fine and dandy!" She didn't try to keep the trill of happiness out of her voice. Brent had telephoned at last! In that instant, Carol knew that she had been waiting two weeks for this call.

"You coming home this week end?" the man's voice was casual.

"Well. . . ." Carol wanted to go now, but she didn't like to say so. She let the one word hang in the air, unsupported.

"I just wondered what you'd decided," Brent went on. "You see—well, how are your brother-in-law and the children? Are you having a good time? Did you . . . did you. . . ."

"Everyone's just fine. Yes, I'm having a good time. Why did you call, Brent?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I was getting worried. Afraid you might be deciding to stay, and that — right at this moment — would put me in a spot."

Carol felt a dampening of her first bright joy. "Why?" she asked coldly.

"Well, to tell you the facts, I got a new serial the other day — a marvelous story — and I thought you might like to illustrate it. . . ."

"Turn it over to Lew Zane—he can do it!" Carol's voice was sharp.

"It's not that simple. You see this story was written by Maybelle Ray."

"Maybelle Ray!" Carol almost shouted the words. "Why she's—she's. . . ."

"World-famous. Yes, I know. And it was just a mighty wonderful stroke of luck that we got the story. That stroke of luck being one Carol Wilson, artist. Fact is, Maybelle wants you and only you to do the illustrations."

The instant thrill of excitement melted the chill of Carol's thought that Brent wouldn't have called if he hadn't had to. But this was a chance she couldn't miss — to illustrate the work of such a famous

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author — and to be demanded!

"I'll come down," Carol said into the receiver, "and do Maybell's job. I'll leave in the morning."

"Good girl!" Brent sounded relieved. "I'll meet you as usual."

Carol replaced the receiver and turned away. Good girl! Good girl! Come home and get to work! Forget Elizabeth's children! Forget Tony Muir! Forget everything but your paint and brushes. . . . Oh, Brent!

She went slowly back to the game, but it wasn't fun any longer.

As Tony told her goodnight, he held her hand and looked down at her. "Did I happen to overhear you say you were going to leave tomorrow?"

Carol nodded. "Yes, that was my boss. He has a special job for me to do."

"Why don't you forget those special jobs, Carol — and all jobs? Why don't you take a long, long vacation — two or three months? You don't know how fascinating this country can be — with an expert to show you around. Tell your boss to get another artist, and spend the summer here!"

His eyes, his voice were eager, compelling. So different from Brent Gibson's casual tone. Carol hesitated. "I don't know, Tony. But I'll have to go down and do this one job."

"Come back, then, as soon as it's done!"

"Maybe. I'll see."

"It's a promise?"

"Just a sort of promise, Tony — but a promise of sorts!"

He laughed down at her. "I'll count the days. And I'll phone often to remind you."

Carol watched him as he ran across the porch and actually leaped into the convertible. He was so young! In spite of his successful mission, he wasn't much more than a boy.

She turned slowly and went up to her room. She crossed to the mirror and studied her face. It's not a bad face, she thought. And it looks young, too. How strange, when I feel old enough to be the mother of Elizabeth's four! But I'm not, really! She frowned and turned away from the disturbing glass.

(To be continued)

In Spring

Sudie Stuart Hager

Spring is no impetuous maiden,
Spring's a woman poised and sure;
She's a wise and kindly matron;
Works by method, not allure.
None but such could nurture snowdrops
In an atmosphere that chills,
Make warm capes for pussywillows,
Starch the hoods of daffodills,
Stitch designs of gold on meadows,
Help a tendrilled plant to climb,
Urge a shy, young tree to blossom,
Regulate the nesting time.
Spring's a woman of experience,
Not an amateurish Miss;
Life is eagerly responsive,
To her warm, maternal kiss.

Proclamation

Grace Ingles Frost

Life waves a wand, above the earth
And unseals nature's eyes—
Makes violets and daffodils,
And with their flowering fragrance fills
The space that round them lies;
Then bids the birdling voices rise,
And wing respond to wing
In proclamation. . . . It is spring.

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Spring

Enola Chamberlin

Now is spring upon us,
Tiny leaves of green;
Pussywillows looking
Like pom-pom velveteen.

Wild roses in the hedgerows,
Dogwood in the hills;
And in the gardens pansies
And fluted daffodils.

Across the plainlands poppies
With cups of purest gold.
Now is the spring upon us—
All a heart can hold.

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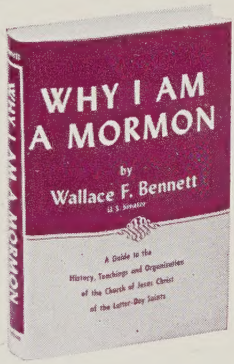
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